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Events of the Week.

ON Tuesday it seemed as if nothing could eclipse in importance the Russian situation. The Hythe Conference had been held. Mr. Lloyd George had made his speech in the House of Commons. The decisive conference at Minsk was expected to open within twenty-four hours. By Wednesday afternoon the Russo-Polish conflict was well in the background, and France forced herself into the central place on the international stage. The Note issued by the Quai d'Orsay, announcing the decision of France to recognize Wrangel, and refuse all communication with the Soviet delegates in London, was received in official circles in London not merely with surprise, but with sheer incredulity. No one would believe that the French could have done it. Indeed, every circumstance attending this astonishing *coup* made it inexplicable. It followed immediately on the Hythe Conference, where—in the futile cliché indispensable on all such occasions—"complete agreement between the Allies on the action to be taken was arrived at." It represented a step which made the further co-operation of France in the evolution of a settlement with Russia impossible. And though the Quai d'Orsay's announcement was issued in Paris before lunch, with an intimation that Mr. Lloyd George had been informed the previous day, down to a late hour in the evening no news in regard to the French action had been received either at the British Foreign Office or at the French Embassy in London. Under these circumstances the Prime Minister, in his speech in the House on Wednesday evening, put the most charitable construction on the affair—that of unauthorized action by an official—and pending an authoritative explanation, decided to keep Parliament in session.

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DISILLUSION, however, followed hard on hope. Friday morning made it clear beyond all possibility of doubt that the Wrangel announcement was both official and authoritative, that M. Millerand at the time of its issue was not, as had been charitably suggested, visiting the devastated regions, but was in Paris presiding at a Cabinet on Polish affairs, and that French Press opinion

generally applauded the disruptive policy of the Government. The Press here, on the other hand, has condemned the French action with a unanimity from which a solitary war-cry from the "Morning Post" office need hardly be held to detract. Even the "Times," ruthlessly deserting its only love, told France its opinion in language that should have made the writer of its last week's leaders blush, or (more properly still) resign on the spot.

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ALL things considered, France's choice, abysmal as the folly of her action is from her own point of view, vastly simplifies the task of the Prime Minister. France prefers to go her way. We are now free to go ours. And one specially welcome result of liberation from the impediments France persistently opposes to any settlement with Russia is that Britain and Italy can now work cordially and closely together. Both Signor Nitti and Count Sforza have held consistently to a clear, sane, and constructive Russian policy, of precisely the character as that demanded by the mass of Liberal and Labor opinion in this country. The Prime Minister's anxiety to avoid a rupture with France has carried us away from Italy, whose exclusion from recent Anglo-French conferences has been commented on with an intelligible bitterness in the Italian Press. France having deliberately preferred rupture to alliance, the one obstacle to an Anglo-Italian settlement of the Russian problem disappears.

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DOWN to the moment of the issue of the French declaration, events in regard to Poland had moved fast. A prolonged interview between the Prime Minister and Messrs. Kameneff and Krassin had narrowed down the issue to whether the Soviet armies would cease their advance and permit the opening of armistice negotiations. Long discussions took place as to the cause of the delay in beginning the *pourparlers*—a matter on which the Polish and Bolshevik versions are in direct and irreconcilable contradiction. The end of the Downing Street talk was an undertaking by the Soviet delegates to put the Prime Minister's points immediately to their Government, while Mr. Lloyd George decided to arrange a conference with M. Millerand during the week-end at Hythe.

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THE published information in regard to the Hythe discussions has been conspicuously scanty. But the Prime Minister announced what purported to be the complete decisions in his speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday. The main feature of the meeting was Mr. Lloyd George's apparent success in persuading the French to agree to the postponement of all definite action till the results of the conference between Russians and Poles, to be held at Minsk on Wednesday, were known. That was at the moment a considerable achievement, for there is no serious doubt that the French had come to Hythe with very different ideas. Direct military intervention was for obvious geographical reasons out of the question. But the time-worn *cordon sanitaire*—in which Roumania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and, if possible, the Baltic States,

must all play a part, while Germany was to be overawed by threats of a Ruhr occupation as the penalty for the smallest infringement of the Treaty of Versailles—was once more full in the picture. Less was said about it at Hythe than had been said and written in France. None the less the lines of French policy were made clear enough.

* * *

THE case for delay was made conclusive by the receipt, during the Sunday session of the conference, of two Notes from Moscow, one of them explaining that in spite of loss of time for which the Soviet Government was in no way responsible the Minsk conference had been definitely fixed for Wednesday, the other intimating that if the Allies would refrain from supporting action against Russia on any front, and in particular would "withdraw" General Wrangel from the Crimea, the Soviet troops would retire the moment the Polish armistice was signed to the line proposed by Lord Curzon. For the Allies to have stood, in the face of these Notes, by Mr. Lloyd George's ultimatum requiring a halt of the Russian armies to be ordered at midnight on the Monday, would have meant making a delay of forty-eight hours a *casus belli*. Even if the Prime Minister had been prepared to take that course himself, and there is reason at least to hope he was not, the uprising of public opinion in Great Britain against all suggestion of intervention for any lesser purpose than the defence of Polish independence was emphatic enough to determine the action of a statesman much less sensitive to popular temper than Mr. George. The Hythe Conference broke up on Monday, having decided in effect that if the Minsk negotiations failed, Great Britain and France must take all steps in their power to defend the independence of Poland—which the Soviet Government had repeatedly declared was not, and never would be, in danger, and which they have now formally guaranteed!

* * *

THE last and decisive development on Tuesday was the publication by the Soviet representatives in London of the peace terms of Moscow. Though assurances as to Poland's independence and the immunity of her frontiers had been repeatedly given, the demonstration of the singular moderation of the Bolshevik demands was fatal to the die-hard interventionists. The Prime Minister announced that he had given the Poles certain advice, the nature of which can hardly be in doubt, on their duty at Minsk, and it became manifest that nothing but some new and incredible demand by the Bolsheviks could involve this country in even a "limited liability" war against Russia. Incidentally the publication of the Bolshevik terms had one interesting sequel. The Labor Council of Action, which shows no sign of taking its responsibility lightly, has called on the Prime Minister to follow suit by publishing the peace terms he proposes to put before the Russians at the much-discussed London Conference. There is probably no better road to complete peace, the more so since the Russians throughout have eschewed at every point the haggling on which the old diplomacy prided itself. Their terms have been at once made public. They have been based on their conception of the justice of the case. And they have neither risen or fallen with the fluctuating tide of military success. Mr. Wilson may decline to recognize the Bolsheviks. But he must see in them the only existing exponents of the open diplomacy he has preached.

* * *

THE Prime Minister's Parliamentary appearances have necessarily been somewhat of an embarrassment. When Mr. George spoke on Tuesday he was not, strange as it may appear, aware of the Russian terms to Poland,

though the "Express" of the same morning had already given their substance, and an evening edition of the "Daily Herald" had stated them verbatim. Under this handicap at the hands of the new diplomacy, Mr. George's hypothetical argument that if Russians interfered with Polish independence, the Allies would come to their rescue "either by naval action, or by international action, or by both," but that otherwise they did not propose to interfere with the results of the Minsk Conference, possessed a very reduced value. As Mr. Asquith said, Mr. George was asking the House of Commons to sanction war measures on an unrealized hypothesis, which the Prime Minister himself did not pretend to believe. Mr. Asquith might have added that the Prime Minister was also discussing a war to which the whole country is ferociously opposed, and which Labor will not allow him to carry out. To do him justice, there is no reason to think that he himself desires it.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the best feature of this dangerous situation is that the Bolsheviks are taking it with great moderation and calm. M. Kameneff, like M. Krassin, has made an excellent impression, not only on the Prime Minister, but on all the political leaders and officials with whom he has come in contact. Nor do the Bolsheviks exhibit any concern about the French break away, merely finding in it an ironic commentary on the ways of the old diplomacy, which they have so completely confounded. Both their political and their military plans have been taken. Three weeks ago they fixed the 12th of August as the date of the arrival of their armies before Warsaw. The time table has worked out pretty well to the letter, and they are equally confident that the plans long ago taken to deal with Wrangel are fast approaching completion. They speak with the same assurance of the Polish settlement. The campaign has been an easy one for them. Their losses have been so small that the war almost compares with the bloodless scuffles of the Italian *condottieri*, and they expect to negotiate the very moderate peace which their terms suggest without difficulty or hitch. No doubt, too, they recognize the not unimportant fact that France has killed the Alliance stone dead, and that henceforward, as Sir Donald Maclean very well said, Great Britain will go on alone.

* * *

THE wonderful and quite spontaneous uprising of Labor against a new war is much the most significant event in our post-war history. The demonstration was one of absolute solidity. The testimony of the most moderate of the trade union leaders was that even if they had wished they could not have withstood the pressure; it came simultaneously from all parts of the kingdom. Literally thousands of meetings, ranging from great open-air gatherings, organized at a few hours' notice, to branch meetings of the trade unions, were held during the week-end, and the secretaries of the unions were swayed under with resolutions fiercely demanding a stop-the-war policy. There were neither political nor social complications. The demands expressed simply and solely the determination of the working people—middle-class workers and all—to put an end absolutely to the Churchill Putsch. The "Daily Herald" did its reporting and massing work admirably; but there was really no need of leadership. Working England led herself.

* * *

THE decision to adopt a "down tools" policy, without any qualification, was taken on Monday night at a joint meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades

Union Congress, the executive of the Labor Party, and the Parliamentary Labor Party. The meeting was therefore fully representative of the whole industrial and political movement; it spoke for at least six and a half million trade union workers. The debate was brief and unanimous, and the resolution was framed to cover all possible contingencies. It will be equally operative against open war with Soviet Russia or against technical and material assistance to Poland and General Wrangel. On Tuesday evening, after hearing the Prime Minister's statements, the Council of Action decided to convene a national conference so as to derive from it full authority to act. It will then be decided whether a general strike is to be declared, or whether particular groups of workers are to be instructed not to produce or transport war supplies. The next step should be to strengthen the international side of the peace movement, and enlist French, German, Italian, Austrian, Dutch, Polish, and Scandinavian workers in a kind of Peace International *ad hoc*. We hope that this second strategy will at once be taken in hand.

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GOVERNOR COX has now stated at length and in plain terms his position on the Treaty and Covenant. He is not a Wilsonian. Indeed he is the Democratic nominee largely because of his distance from White House influences. Nevertheless he takes his stand by the present League, subject to two declarations of principle—the constitutional limits of American action, and the understood purpose of the Covenant as the instrument of universal peace. Mr. Cox shows that Senator Johnson and his supporters are satisfied with Mr. Harding as an irreconcilable. He quotes Mr. Harding as pledging himself, if elected, to sign an immediate declaration of peace, in defiance of the Root plank in the Republican platform. The speech is a debating score over Mr. Harding, who has to "straddle" between the two wings of his party. But, on the other hand, it commits the Democrats to the defence of a position from which the majority, if free, would undoubtedly revolt.

* * *

IN THE CASE OF Dr. Mannix, the Archbishop of Melbourne, Mr. George seems to have brought about a well-staged variant of the historic case of Cardinal Mercier and von Bissing. Dr. Mannix is a hard fighter, and, with the passionate love of over 20 per cent. of the population of Australia behind him, he is not likely to lose the opening given him. He has already started with great spirit on a comparison between the Battle of Jutland and the naval feat of landing him at Penzance in a British destroyer. His English prison is now fixed in London—Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, as haunts of the Irishry, being deemed out of bounds. But who is to stop him going there, or to Ireland, if it pleases him? Why is it better to make him the hero of the Capital, and of the Irish all over America and the Empire, than to allow him quietly to see his old mother in Limerick? We are, indeed, a little surprised to find the moderate and even Conservative President of Maynooth, the entertainer of King Edward, re-emerge as the fearful foe of the British Empire. Surely the Government has enough enemies on hand, without adding Dr. Mannix to them.

* * *

THE GOVERNMENT have this week sustained one very bad electoral defeat in South Norfolk, in which Mr. Edwards, the veteran leader of Norfolk Labor, has swept in over their candidate by a majority of 2,118, leaving Mr. Charles Roberts, the Liberal, at the bottom of the poll. We regret Mr. Roberts's absence from the House

of Commons, a sign, we fear, of the great waste of intellectual force that the electoral drain in 1918 set up. But the seat was Labor's, for Norfolk is the motherland of its agricultural movement. The defeat of Mr. Harben, the Labor man, at Woodbridge, is at once curious and disappointing. The Tory was a great Ipswich employer, and we imagine that Aldeburgh and Woodbridge contain a pretty large element of suburbia, or at least of retired leisure. But Mr. Harben's intellectualism, no less than his agricultural knowledge, ought, by rights, to have appealed to such a constituency even more strongly than to a purely industrial one. He is, we hope, sure of a seat in the House of Commons, for he is one of the new statesmen of Labor, and an old aide-de-camp of his chief, Mr. Sidney Webb.

* * *

MEUDON and St. Cloud promise to become famous in history as the only two Paris suburbs where treaties were not signed after the Great War. To a list which already included Versailles, St. Germain, and Neuilly, is now added Sèvres, where, in the porcelain factory that alone makes the commonplace little township notable, the last act but one (for there remains ratification) in the process of peace-making with Turkey was duly discharged last Tuesday. Simultaneously, the Italians and Greeks, having composed their differences over the Dodecanese, signed an agreement transferring to Greece the twelve islands occupied by the Italians since their own war with Turkey in 1911. From these, however, Rhodes is excepted, provision being made for a *plébiscite* there conditionally on Great Britain making over Cyprus to Greece.

* * *

THE Coercion Bill produced a powerful protest in the Lords from Lord Macdonell, the author of the most important piece of constructive legislation in modern Ireland. Lord Macdonell recalled the scathing verdict passed by Lecky on the courts-martial that were employed in Ireland after the Rebellion. We can imagine no more wanton act of folly than the introduction of this particular kind of trial. Nobody who has served on a court-martial or seen it at work would dream of treating it as an instrument of justice. A man who habitually gives orders is the last man in the world to hear arguments or evidence. Martial law is a system of terrorism, and it is as such that it is now to be applied in Ireland. A number of men will be tried and condemned, but all that will be established about them will be that they are Irishmen with "seditious" sympathies. The Lord Chancellor (a highly appropriate person to introduce such a Bill in the Lords) made one ominous statement. He said that the Government had lots of people under lock and key and lots of people ready to give information against them. We know what that means. These courts-martial will have the most delicate task of all, that of weighing the evidence of spies. Would any living soul trust them to deal with an Oliver? Last April a man was tried in Dublin for the murder of a policeman. The case turned on the evidence of one of the Lord Chancellor's informers who was exposed in court as a perjurer. The case collapsed, and the prisoner was acquitted with the approval of the Judge. Who would have exposed him at a court-martial?

* * *

OUR READERS will, we think, be interested in knowing the response to the appeal we addressed to them when the price of THE NATION was raised from sixpence to ninepence. The result has been that after deducting all "returns" and unsold copies of every description, the large circulation of the paper remains almost exactly at the figure it had attained when the rise in price took place.

Politics and Affairs.

THE VICE OF FRENCH POLICY.

It was said of the peace of Westphalia that it closed the era of religious war in Europe. Will it be said of the Peace of Versailles that it opened the era of class war in Europe? That is the question which the action of the French Government this week has set down for trial. The Polish crisis is not a sudden or unexpected emergency; it is the natural consequence of a course pursued deliberately for eighteen months. What are the elements and construction of that policy? To what must it lead?

The statesmen who legislated for the world at Paris in a spirit of autocracy such as Napoleon or the Kaiser scarcely imagined, were divided between ambitions and anxieties. Their ambitions account for the state of the Middle East; their anxieties account for the state of Europe. In those anxieties the fear of Germany has a share; but the predominant passion was the fear of Bolshevism. That fear led them to a policy of interference in the internal affairs of nations more thorough and more violent than anything of which Germany was accused in the past. Friendly and enemy States alike have found during the last eighteen months that their right to self-determination was rigidly controlled by a group of Governments which considered solely whether this or that kind of government, this or that course of policy, would be the more likely to check intellectual and social movements that they regarded with fear and hatred. This policy is illustrated in the treatment of Poland, whom the Allies would not allow to make peace with Russia last year, and in the treatment of Hungary, where the Allies penalized every form of government in turn until they had provided the reactionary government that they judged propitious to their schemes.

It is not the habit of British politicians to think out a policy in this reasoned and consecutive way; least of all is it the habit of the brilliant man who represented us at Paris. The theory and the tactics came from France. It was well described to the writer by a Frenchman of importance. "It is essential for Western Europe, where the war has necessarily left behind it a great mass of discontent, that the Bolshevik idea should not succeed or seem to succeed." Acting under this impulse the French bureaucrats devised a general policy for managing Europe by military and diplomatic missions. These bodies aimed at the maximum of control with the minimum of trouble and expense to the directing Governments. The idea was French, and it is one of the ironies of history that it is the nation which was outlawed in 1791, and which experienced the bloody *coup d'état* of 1852, that adopted towards Russia the Puritan tone it resented so fiercely in the critics of its own past. But if the idea and impulse was French, the policy based on it was the policy of the Supreme Council; and in particular the policy of the two chief Powers, for Italy has openly renounced it. Why did French policy dominate the Allies? It was commonly said at Paris that President Wilson was no match for Mr. Lloyd George, and that Mr. Lloyd George in his turn was no match for M. Clemenceau. That verdict sums up one aspect of the truth, but it might give a misleading impression of the parts played by the two chief politicians at Paris. We have to look a little more carefully into the facts.

Why was Mr. Lloyd George overborne, if he was overborne? He was at some disadvantage, if he wished to resist, from his ignorance of the tangled history and

politics of Europe. But he had large natural resources of persuasion and influence, for it was the British navy and the British Treasury that were the chief working instruments of New Europe. He was overborne because he was not on principle opposed to French policy. If his mind had been alert and his conscience convinced as to its immeasurable danger, he would at once have dismissed Mr. Churchill in March of last year, when his Secretary for War flew over to Paris and staggered the Council of Ten in Mr. Lloyd George's absence by proposing a large military expedition to Russia. Mr. Churchill made this proposal either with or without the sanction of the Prime Minister. If the Prime Minister knew of his intention, he was obviously not in disagreement with the French policy; if he did not know of it, he supported it by keeping Mr. Churchill in office. The French knew their own minds. Mr. Lloyd George, opportunist in everything, had no objection to trying the French policy one day and the opposite policy the next.

In this ever wavering mental balance British policy has hung poised for eighteen months. A Prime Minister who was in earnest about resisting the policy of keeping Europe in a state of war would not allow his colleague to make all kinds of promises to Russian adventurers, these promises meaning nothing less than an engagement to outwit the House of Commons, nor would he allow this colleague to publish inflammatory articles about Russia when the two Governments were in mid-negotiation. Mr. Lloyd George was so little in earnest that he cannot be regarded as its opponent. All that can really be said is that he was less optimistic for its success than Mr. Churchill or the French Government; that he was lukewarm when others were infatuated. He did not think that policy wrong in principle, but he thought that as applied to Russia it was unlikely to succeed. There was another reason for his halting acquiescence. His Government and his own personal power came to depend more and more on the rich, and he began to regard himself more and more as their spokesman. He threw over the land taxes, and denounced nationalization and the trade unions. It was natural, therefore, that he should come more and more to represent the point of view of the "classes" and that, whenever he seemed to be on the point of urging a liberal policy, he relapsed into an abuse of the Soviet Government.

Thus, for eighteen months the French and the British Governments have been keeping Europe in a state of war for the purpose of resisting the Bolshevik danger. That was a profound misreading of facts and forces. Some Englishmen thought in the time of the French Revolution that an idea was acceptable to the English workman just because it was French. No more ludicrous mistake could have been made. The fact that democracy was supposed to be French was the chief obstacle to the progress of democratic ideas in England. So with Russia to-day. It is probable that any Russians who get through Sir Basil Thomson's sieve turn English revolutionaries into moderate men, about as fast as Sir Basil Thomson is turning moderate men into revolutionaries. We are in all of our classes a conservative people, prejudiced against any idea that comes from abroad. Eighteen months ago Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill thought that Russian ideas, if they were aired in this country, might carry away English workmen, and that the Russian Government might be put down by any adventurer or any neighbor whom we liked to arm. A double miscalculation. Between them these gentlemen have done what seemed impossible in

the autumn of 1918; they have turned Russia into a great military power. They have inflicted untold suffering on the people of Poland, as well as on her neighbors, and they have prepared throughout Europe all the elements of a fierce class war. This policy has been just as reactionary as the policy of the Congress of Vienna. The politicians in Paris have made themselves, like Metternich and Castlereagh, the guardians of the old world against the new ideas; and whereas Vienna represented the consolidation of the rights of legitimate kings, Paris represented the consolidation of the rights of the plutocrats and profiteers who are the real rulers of the modern world. And if the civil strife of every European people, even the most conservative, has now the look of revolution, it is because the Governments of Britain and France have, under French instigation, spent eighteen months in arraying the social forces against each other, in place of seeking a reconciling way of life for them.

THE WORKMEN'S REFUSAL.

If the nations of Europe are saved from a second war, they will owe their escape not to their old leaders but to the arrival of a new political force. We are unaware of an instance in history in which the "general" or the "common will" of a people, though many political thinkers have based their philosophy on it, has ever come to a definite, or at least a commanding, expression. Last week and this, however, it emerged, and decided, as we have said, the fate of Europe. In form it acted with extraordinary decision. It did not agitate; no agitation indeed was necessary. It made no appeal to Parliament and Parliamentary statesmanship. It merely mobilized its forces, and having discovered their strength and unity, and divined their purpose, handed the mandate they had received on to Mr. Lloyd George. We will do the Prime Minister the justice of believing that he will take the marching orders which were delivered to him on Tuesday at Downing Street. He knows now that his Government will not be allowed to make war on Russia, neither a great war, nor a little one; neither a whole nor a half war; neither a war of blockade nor a war of starvation; neither a war on armed men, nor a war on women and children, and that if he is tempted or persuaded to indulge in these enterprises, or in any form of them, the Government will be left without soldiers or weapons. British men will not march, British ships will not sail, and British guns will not go off. Thus in place of the tacit will to war of six years ago, there has, in fact, been established in this country the first definitely expressed will to peace which political democracy has been able to put into constitutional form. The German workmen led the way with their strike against the Kapp Putsch. British trade unionism follows suit with its counter to the Churchill Putsch.

We see that the "Morning Post" declares this act a revolt against constitutional government. But in the matter of war-policy there has for two years been no constitutional government in England. During this period a concealed war on Russian Socialism has been carried on by closet intrigue between various Ministers and Generals in France and England, and their acts have been denied or falsified to Parliament. The Minister who aided these disloyalties or condoned

them is in no position to complain because Labor, threatened with a wicked and causeless war, turned to its own people for help. For our part we know of no constitutional theory able to close against a people the door of escape from physical starvation or political ruin. The intervention of Labor and its threat of passive resistance to a Russian war were, therefore, acts of conservation, and not of revolution. No Ministry can be allowed to clothe itself with a discretionary power of waging a partial and undeclared war. And if the workman declines to handle the weapons of such a strife, he enforces the constitutional rights no less than the moral sense of the whole community, much in the same way in which a special constable assists the regular police force. He cannot, indeed, work alone, or as a merely sectional protestant. But the point is that in this matter of a second European war, which must be essentially a civil war, dividing each nation no less than each group of nations, the organized workmen have acted for the mass of the community and engendered the sole reactive force left to it. They became in effect the nation; the representative force, if not the representative machine.

No greater evil exists in national, as in individual life, than the want of a definite and orderly direction for its will. This direction, wanting since the close of the war, has now, we hope, been supplied. Europe lies under the absolute necessity of either organizing for peace, organizing without delay and on the highest plane of efficiency, or perishing. The old economic circle has been broken. Germany, the great organizing power in industry, next to ourselves, has been cut out of the industrial rhythm; and Russia, the great producing power, is deemed unfit to enter it. None of the bantlings of the Treaty of Versailles, least of all France, its spoiled child, are able to replace this crippling loss, nor is any existing European Government capable of supplying it. The British Labor Party has therefore answered to a common need of the European peoples. From it has sprung the one clear and powerful political resolution that has been framed since the war began. Mr. George indeed has had his chance. We suppose that he did something at Lympne to fine down the French Government's plan for a military and naval encirclement of Soviet Russia, and that he will now be encouraged to deal faithfully with its treacherous attempt to make a Russo-Polish peace impossible. But Mr. George is the kind of prophet whose hands need to be very vigorously held up for him. If this week he cooed low for peace, last week he roared very loud for war. Lord Curzon's despatch of July 20th declared that if the Soviet troops went on advancing, the British Government would take this to mean that the Russians were waging war on the Polish people, and would come to their assistance, and break off the negotiations with Mr. Krassin. As late as Thursday last Russia was threatened with war if she advanced into ethnographical Poland. Now, if you please, we shall only fight if Russia attacks the independence of Poland. But Mr. George saw the Polish legions begin their march on Moscow, supplied with British guns and munitions, and British and French military advice, while his colleague, Mr. Churchill, stood up to the neck in the enterprise which was to wipe Soviet Russia off the map. And the Polish war itself was merely the last of a series of speculations in civil wars in Russia. Mr. George may not have mentally approved them. But he promoted them all up to the hour when he found there was nothing in them. Even to-day his intermittent pacifism furnishes a shield behind which the sinister

organization of an embattled White Europe goes continually on. His colleague, Mr. Churchill, goes recruiting among "the Huns"; his partner, France, enlists Magyars and Roumanians in her Holy War on Bolshevism. The truth is the war habit is engrained in the European Cabinets. There is a pin to chose between Mr. George and M. Millerand, and more than a couple of pins to choose between him and M. Tardieu and Marshal Foch. But if some slant of wind blows against the Soviet army, or the Soviet diplomacy, he is little more to be trusted with the peace of Europe than any of them.

The plain truth is that for the first time in British history, something big enough to be called the British people has had its way, and, momentarily at least, has attained the stature of a governing democracy. During the last few months, Mr. George has made many resolutions in concert with M. Millerand, and prepared many forms of breaking or half-keeping the peace of the world. A profitable half-hour in Downing Street, spent with the representatives of British trade unionism, has, we hope, been worth more to him and to Europe than all these excursions put together. We are not particularly concerned with the machinery of the trade unionists' Council of Action. A kind of secondary Parliament was improvised, the shadow maybe of some such body as that which Mr. and Mrs. Webb have conceived as an adjunct and administrator for the political or Imperial Parliament. But the "down tools" movement was less of a political than a moral act. It was bound to come; and we have long held that it would show the nations a short way out of the *malaise* of the war-neurosis. Henceforward, this great check of the workmen's refusal to make war will lie at the back of the minds of the existing directors of our political society. If they are wise, their answer to direct action will be to turn to the democracy they are always prating about, and begin to deal honestly with such Parliaments as they possess. If they are foolish, they will go on governing as they are governing to-day. They will do without Cabinets and Parliaments, till they find that they will also have to do without armies. They will conceal policies and falsify documents till all moral force and self-respect have gone out of the representative system, and some closer form of popular control of policy has sprung from the dramatic improvisation of the last week.

A long interval may indeed lie between these difficult times and the creation of a new organ of international government. But at last there is light on the waters. The Third Estate, as Third Estates go in an industrial age, has arisen again. Change is at hand, and we can all say, as a great man said of an earlier landmark in the revolutionary story, that we have seen it come to birth.

THE ISSUES AT MINSK.

THE references to hostile action against Russia in Mr. Lloyd George's speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday were all, as he repeatedly explained, contingent. If the Minsk conference failed, and failed not through the fault of the Poles but because Russia insisted on terms to be regarded as tyrannous, then the Allies (which so far as can be seen at present means simply Great Britain and France, with the possible addition of Japan) would send to Poland military advisers, clothing and equipment for her armies, would give similar assistance to General Wrangel in the south, and would

reimpose a rigorous blockade of Russia through the agency of the British Navy.

It is unnecessary to canvass that policy in detail at this moment. If and when the occasion arises to put it into force, it will need to be rigorously examined in relation to the whole of the then existing situation. Meanwhile the right attitude is that adopted by the spokesmen of Labor both at Downing Street and in the House of Commons. The Labor leaders laid it down that while an assault on the independence of Poland must be resisted, any endorsement at this juncture of even a hypothetical plan of campaign against Russia would be unjustifiable and mischievous. There is every indication that the reactionaries who are itching for the excuse for a blow against Russia will find their hopes disappointed, and nothing is to be gained by gratifying them in anticipation by premature controversies on how Russia might be fought.

So far there has been no semblance of a *casus belli* with Russia, and after the publication of the Soviet Government's peace terms there is less to-day than ever there was. Mr. George suggested that there had been deliberate procrastination to give the Russian armies the chance to secure Warsaw. Conceivably there has. An advancing army is not anxious to be stopped by an armistice when its goal has just come into sight, and the Russians appear to be no more and no less concerned than were our own troops in the interval between the proposal for an armistice with the Germans and its signature. In any case the precise area of Polish territory occupied is entirely immaterial in view of the repeated assurances that evacuation will follow immediately on the conclusion and execution of a reasonable peace.

The one relevant question to-day is whether the peace will in fact be reasonable and just. The Moscow Government has given a further evidence of its practical sanity in publishing its terms to the world even before the Minsk conference has begun. It is thus open not merely to Cabinets, but to the voters in every country on whose will the Cabinets ultimately rest, and who have it in their power to make war or stop war, to form their own judgment on the issue. The terms are brief and explicit. They make no reference to the maintenance of Polish independence. That is natural enough. The Treaty of Versailles made no mention of German independence. In the absence of provisions infringing it the maintenance of independence goes without saying. They do demand a less drastic demobilization and disarmament of the Polish forces than we proposed to the Germans. They stipulate for the right of commercial transit across Poland between Russia and Germany. They require the grant of lands for Polish soldiers wounded or incapacitated in the war—a provision for which not Polish soldiers only, but British, might well be thankful. They provide on the other hand for a withdrawal of the Russian troops concurrently with Polish demobilization, for the reduction of the Russian forces on the Polish frontier, and for a permanent frontier identical in the main with that proposed by the Allies, but with the addition to Poland of Bielostok and Kholm.

The announcement of those terms in itself settles the whole question of Allied intervention, for a Poland that refused to make peace on that basis would, on Mr. George's own showing, have no shadow or semblance of a claim on the Allies. In spite of that the Poles, with a folly which rules them out of the field of serious statesmanship, have rushed to counter the Russian proposals by the declaration that under no circumstances will they consent to disarm, "as that would be tantamount to placing the whole of Poland at the mercy of the Bol-

sheviks." This from the nation that in defiance of the advice of Great Britain and other equally friendly counsellors, refused peace with Russia, and launched a wanton attack which its official representatives boasted would carry it to Moscow. It is possible, none the less, that while the principle of the disarmament of Poland is beyond argument, question may be raised as to the extent of the reduction. It is material in that connection to point first to President Wilson's declaration, early in the negotiations of October, 1918, that he would not even submit to the Allies a proposal for any armistice that did not make the renewal of hostilities by the defeated nation impossible; and second to the fact that while Germany, with a population of 60,000,000, is allowed an army of no more than 100,000, Poland, with a population of 25,000,000 at the outside, is to keep a force of 60,000. Whoever criticizes the disarmament scale, it is clear that no signatory of the Treaty of Versailles can do so.

A more serious danger to the Minsk negotiations may arise in a field not touched by the Soviet peace terms at all. Russia, it is dogmatically asserted by persons who would count it a deadly insult to be suspected of being in the confidence of Moscow, has intended all along to establish a Soviet Republic in Poland, and secure the virtual annexation of the country in that way. Now it is almost certainly true that Russia would like to see a Soviet Government at Warsaw—just as most people in this country would like to see a Parliamentary Government at Moscow. It is also true that Soviets have been set up in the occupied area, in some cases, no doubt, spontaneously, in others on the initiative of the Russians. An occupied area has to be administered, and it is not surprising that the occupying Power should, in this matter, follow its own political practices, the more so when they happen to be particularly adapted for the local autonomy necessary in a disturbed area.

But that is an altogether different matter from the forcible imposition on Poland of a system of government she dislikes. That would be a political wrong not fundamentally different from a set attack on Polish independence. Soviet spokesmen have declared repeatedly that Russia has no designs on Poland's system of government, and they are able to lend force to their words by pointing to the fact that neither in Estonia, nor in Lithuania, nor in Latvia, with which peace has just been concluded, has any attempt been made to interfere with the form of constitution desired by the people. There is, none the less, not merely a possibility, but, on the whole, a likelihood, that Poland may decide to establish Soviet government. The most frequent of all concomitants of defeat in war, particularly, of course, in the case of countries politically unstable or inexperienced, is some form of revolution. It happened in France in 1870. It happened in Russia in 1905, and again twice in 1917; it happened in Germany and Austria and Hungary in 1918. It may quite as well

happen in Poland in 1920. What, then, is to be the attitude of the Allies? It will be no simple matter to measure precisely the parts played in the process by spontaneous volition and external stimulus. In any case no evidence of spontaneity, however overwhelming, is likely to silence the clamor of the agitators on both sides of the Channel who will find here at last their *casus belli*. The Prime Minister, at any rate, is pledged against giving any countenance to that doctrine. The question was put to him directly by the Labor Delegation on Tuesday, as to what view he would take if the Poles themselves agreed on a constitution disapproved by the Allies? "That," replied Mr. George, according to the official report, "is their business. If they like to have a Mikado there it is their business."

That is sound sense politically, and sound sense practically, for it is certain—and no one knows it better than Mr. Lloyd George—that this country is not going to be dragged into the "sort of a war" envisaged at Lympne to prevent the institution at Warsaw of a form of government the Polish squires may denounce. If there were decisive evidence that a new constitution had been imposed on a majority of the people of Poland against their will, the situation would be different. But the burden of proof would lie with the advocates of intervention, and it would have to be proof incontrovertible. There can be no assumption that if a Soviet Government is established, it is the result of Bolshevik dictation. All the initial probabilities point to the opposite conclusion. But there is one contingency which may bring about a change, and in which we should have little enough right of interference. That is the disloyal and provocative action of France in declaring her intention to recognize Wrangel's Administration (if he has one) as the *de facto* Government in Southern Russia. We should describe that act as an equal blow at European peace and the Anglo-French Alliance. As for the former cause, we have at once to recognize that if Soviet Russia is threatened with a fully equipped and recognized Power on her flank, she may, as a matter of prudence, be driven to take the utmost military advantage of her Polish victory. She may occupy Warsaw, close the Danzig corridor to the entrance of arms, and control the civil government of Poland. We can only imagine that France had all this in mind, and that her purpose is to defeat both Mr. George's relative moderation and the great peace movement in Great Britain which lies behind it. We have said hard things of the Prime Minister's conduct of European peace since the close of the great war, but for the moment the action of France constitutes him its defender, and on that ground, if he chooses to stand on it, he will have nineteen-twentieths of the country, and all the Liberal and Labor parties, at his back. The act of the French Government destroys the physical basis of an association whose moral unity ceased long ago. If M. Millerand maintains it, he must pursue its terrible consequences—ALONE.

THE WAY OF THE BOULEVARDS.

By THEODOR WOLFF.

THE Spa Conference has made a very bad impression on the democratic and pacifist part of the public opinion in Germany. This impression has been brought about even more by the method used by the Allies to enforce their demands than by the conditions imposed to Germany in the questions of disarmament and of coal deliveries. Germany sent her representatives to Spa in the expectation that the conquerors' sword would not

once more lie on the table there as at Versailles. We did not intend again as in Versailles to sign orders received instead of concluding treaties, and we hoped to see the Allies ready to allow the solution of all the pending questions to be the outcome of a free exchange of mind and unhindered discussions. Must not finally the nations and their statesmen learn to understand that no real state of peace can be created in Europe by the

old means of the policy of force? Must not they be convinced that imposed obligations can never be equivalent to voluntary concessions?

Germany's representatives at Spa have been allowed to appear in the conference room and to sit at one table with the Allies' statesmen. Most of the Germans have not been allowed to take a bath at Spa, probably because they were regarded as belonging to an unclean caste, but few of them have been beaten or insulted in public. The population and the officials were polite, and most of the delegates of the allied countries, after long deliberation, resolved upon shaking hands with the Germans. M. Millerand alone did not deem it necessary at the end of the sitting to conform in this way to the forms of social convenience. But is it not an ignominious and disgraceful state of things that two years after the end of the war the question must be discussed whether Mr. Lloyd George has shaken hands with the Germans and not Millerand? Is it not unworthy that trivial civilities which ought to be a matter of course are conspicuously remarked and are meted out with calculated economy, much as the trainer rewards a dog's attentiveness by amiably stroking his skin? In no former war did the triumphant party hesitate to receive the conquered with social courtesy. Jules Favre dined every day at Bismarck's table, Thiers was received with all honors, and after the downfall of Napoleon, who had set Europe on fire and subjugated most of her nations, the French were the favorites of European salons. After raising the blockade that had undermined the public health in Germany, the moral quarantine is maintained, so that the other nations may not forget that Germany is deemed to have provoked the war and to be solely responsible for all the mischief it did.

I have never been one of those who denied or concealed even a small part of Germany's guilt. But there are a very great number of accomplices among the pharisees in other countries. It is just these who maintain in the nations the belief in the exclusive sinfulness of Germany, so that they may cover their own offences and proclaim every humiliation and every insult inflicted on Germany to be a just expiation. The whole method of treatment constantly revives inciting the public mind in Germany. Is there any people with a glorious history that would put up in tranquil equanimity with such treatment? And would England, where to-day many accuse Germany of incorrigible haughtiness, feel more sympathy for submissiveness and effeminate humility?

But the greatest exasperation has been caused by the fact that again in the case of both decisions, the question of disarmament as well as of coal deliveries, General Foch was fetched to Spa and the pistol was held again to the German delegates' throat. How can the speeches in which Mr. Lloyd George and other statesmen utter conciliatory ideas make any impression, when just a moment before we have been threatened by the occupation of the most valuable German territory, and our signature wrested from us by force? We know very well that Germany was obliged by the Versailles Treaty to fulfil the conditions that have now been submitted to her once more, and even mitigated a little at Spa. But Germany has always declared that she regards the Versailles Treaty as inexecutable; she only signed it under pressure. Only wrong can spring from coercion. Has it really been impossible to create a voluntary agreement at Spa, to come to an understanding? Was it not possible to find a way without flinging the sword of Brennus into the scale? We do not want to retain a great army, and we can only strive after two things: to prevent the dismissed 100,000 men from becoming

desperadoes, disturbers of the public peace, and vagrant adventurers, and to retain a movable police-force which in case of revolts may effectively interfere. A gendarmerie corps might be created, and there are other systems possible. A reasonable result was always obtainable by a patient exchange of proposals.

It was the same with the coal. We must deliver it to the French, but we cannot do without it, if we are to continue our production to pay our debts and guard our economic life from complete collapse. There, also, an agreement would have been obtainable without coercion, if, for instance, certain concessions had been granted us in Upper Silesia. Without doubt faults have been committed by the German delegates and the German experts. The Allies were in a hurry. A problem was broached at noon, and the solution had to be ready in the evening. Every new idea was burdensome, because its discussion was bound to prolong the conference. It was more convenient to cut the knot by the sword.

I was in Berlin when, before a small circle of invited politicians and economic experts, Herr Stinnes explained his views, why we ought to have declined the signature of the coal agreement at Spa and preferred to endure the occupation of the Ruhr district. Herr Stinnes is a very remarkable and an uncommonly interesting personality, full of genius as an industrial *entrepreneur*, and fascinated his audience, when, with quiet voice, almost void of stress, with hard objectivity and a surprising knowledge of economic facts and figures, he expounded his views and answered the questions directed to him. He admitted that France was suffering severely from the lack of coal. But he considers that the situation is not improved for France and for Europe, when Germany's industry is rendered entirely powerless by depriving it too of coal. He is convinced that Germany will not be able to deliver the two million tons, and that the French will then occupy the Ruhr district. He declares that in the coming winter, in November, the occupation will be still much more formidable to us than to-day. But this point of his argument showed that he was making his calculations as a business man and not as a statesman, and that his view is limited to the Ruhr district, the centre and starting-point of his enormous activity. The industry of the Ruhr district might live even under the occupation, but the industry of all Germany, severed from the Ruhr coal, might in the meantime go to ruin. And his assertion that an occupation in November would be worse than to-day is only justified so long as we can hope that an occupation beginning now would come to an end in November. But this we could not hope, except in the case of an organized resistance on the part of Labor, for the French would hold fast their new acquisition, and we are no longer entitled to believe that England would withhold her assent. This is for us the dreadfully severe result of the Spa Conference, that England for the first time and in two documents has allowed the French to continue their militarist policy, which is intended to lead up to the seizure of our most indispensable economic treasures and gradually to the dismemberment of Germany. We are told that Mr. Lloyd George gave his assent reluctantly, and only to prevent still worse things to come. But there do not exist many worse things than the menace now constantly hanging over Germany's life. It is, as we must continually repeat, almost impossible, with our half-starved workmen, to produce the necessary coal, and it is to our very sincere regret still less possible to find out every rifle hidden anywhere at a manor house or in a Communist nest. So because we must fear now that

with England's assent General Foch may execute his strategic plan. The act of violence of Versailles seems to us aggravated by the act of violence of Spa.

I have thought it necessary to depict the state of mind created in Germany by the Spa Conference without any rosy touches, for it seems to us that the nature of this impression is not fully realized even in the liberal and democratic quarters of the allied countries. Evidently the public in the allied countries thinks that the Germans ought to be quite satisfied because, at any rate, they have obtained something. It sees the French deputies very angry at the advance-payments to be given to Germany for the coal deliveries, and it sees with Mr. Lloyd George that the Spa agreement must be a good and just compromise since the two principal adversaries find so much to blame in it. But the public in the allied countries should be struck by the fact that this time all parties in Germany, the Socialist independents and the Radical extremists included, have unanimously uttered sharp and bitter criticism of the Spa policy of the Eltente. It is true that it is only a small minority, the German nationalists and several members of the German popular party, which maintains the view that the German Government ought to have broken off negotiations and endured the occupation of the Ruhr. But the vast majority that finally, in the Reichstag, endorsed the policy of the Government, and even the Independent Socialists who abstained from voting, because they were not promised the immediate nationalization of the coal mines, are full of indignation. The French protest because they dislike one or the other of the stipulations, but we protest against the tactic of force. This tactic, long after the war's end, shows itself everywhere. It is shown in France's sending, in defiance of the German Constitution, a Minister to Munich, whom they won't have at Munich, and who is only meant for intrigue. It is shown in the fact that recently German districts are assigned to the Poles notwithstanding the immense German majority in the *plébiscite* in Eastern and Western Prussia. Decades after the war of '70 the world felt sympathy towards France who would not forget her lost provinces, and did not conceal her hatred of German militarism. We, the German democrats, want no militarism, no chauvinism, and no revenge. But the world must understand that the German people feels the sting driven again and again into its flesh.

Many people in Germany believe that France wants the occupation of the Ruhr chiefly because the Polish bulwark she thought to erect against Germany turns out a rampart of paper. The less danger Germany has to fear from the East, the more France wants to threaten her from the West, and the more powerless Poland is showing herself, the more the power of France wishes to spread over Western Germany. We have always known the Polish State created at Versailles to be an impossible construction. We as neighbors must know these things better than the theorists who compounded the Polish State of the most different fragments. We are convinced that a Polish State of this extent would necessarily have to die even if the Soviet army had not come.

Now the Soviet army has performed a victorious advance against Poland, and this has created a situation in which all the nations of Europe, though in very different ways, are interested. The German Minister of foreign affairs, Dr. Simons, has made a statement in the Reichstag about the attitude Germany adopts, and must adopt in this situation. For us there exists only a firm and decided neutrality, and the necessity of protecting our frontiers. We do not want to be flooded by Bolshevik hosts. Equally we cannot allow the Allied

Powers to attempt to send arms and troops to the Poles through German territory. Should the Bolsheviks penetrate into Germany, our country would become the scene of war, and perhaps of civil war, and should the Allied Powers violate our neutrality, organized labor in Germany would answer with a transport strike. Some reactionaries and militarists in Germany, as Count Reventlow, want Germany to join hands with Bolshevism. But they are not numerous, and it has been seen how great the terror and the indignation of the vast majority of deputies of the Right has been when Dr. Simon spoke in too optimistic terms of the economic achievements of the Bolsheviks.

We, in Germany, do not want a union with Russia, neither with the Bolsheviks nor with the reactionary Russia whose rise is the hope of the German reactionaries. Nor do we wish to see the complete demolition of Poland, which is welcome to us as a link between Germany and Russia. But we are convinced that Poland, in the form which has been given it, is strangling our life without living herself, and therefore it must be reasonably organized. We are convinced, moreover, that Europe can only recover if corn and raw materials are brought from Russia, and we know that this cannot be obtained without Germany's co-operation. All the possibilities lie here, including the possibility that Germany, through her work, will be able to pay her debts. We hope, therefore, that Germany will not be excluded from the deliberations and conferences regarding the reorganization of the East. Or do the Powers really, even in this case, intend again to continue the policy of force? And will they, instead of coming to a useful understanding, take Upper Silesia from us and repair Poland's prestige at our expense? Will they only meditate on how to enchain still faster Germany's left foot, because the fetter on the right foot seems to get looser?

This is the policy of the Paris Boulevards. But the Boulevard is not the way of Reason.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE workmen set the great peace fire alight, but it has swept all over Britain. Judged by all the tests of memory I can bring to mind, no war in which Britain was engaged would be a tithe as unpopular as a Russian war. I run over the list of chiefs and semi-chiefs of British politics. I doubt its covering a single supporter. Mr. Asquith and Sir Donald Maclean have spoken for the Liberal Party—Sir Donald with great firmness and sense—and Labor, of course, is solid. The same may be said of powerful men in retirement, such as Lord Grey and Lord Haldane, both of whom are violent opponents. Not less notable has been the unsuggested action of individuals and of committees. Lord Loreburn (at 74) offered to speak at an extemporized anti-war Labor meeting. Hundreds of gatherings of protest were organized in a few hours, and the speaking was of unmeasured strength. A little Hertfordshire town had a gathering on the common attended by 500 people of all sorts and conditions, and carried a hostile vote unanimously. Conservative and middle-class feeling seems to have been chiefly stirred by the fear of more taxes; the workmen's sentiments were more idealistic and political. But Bolsheviks, anti-Bolsheviks, and Gallios about Bolshevism met for once on the common ground of "No war with Russia!"

I CONFESS my serious reading of Mr. George's House of Commons speech to have been a little impeded by a mental vision of an active little figure, fashioned after the mood of Mr. Low's cartoons, running at top speed so as to be the first peace-maker in the field. So it might have been, had not Labor been a trifle beforehand with its peace proclamation. So far as I can gather, the Downing Street deputation was a remarkably candid and unflattering affair. Labor made it clear that every kind of an anti-Russian war, naval or military, direct or indirect, small or great, would be blocked. Mr. Bevin did not soften the force of this ultimatum, and the Prime Minister, considerably taken aback, entered a modest plea for an independent Poland, and let the substance of Labor's demand pass without an attempt to qualify it. As he ought by this time to have known that the "Express" had the Russian terms, and that Polish independence was unthreatened by them, these were mere delaying tactics. Labor's success was therefore a dual one. It turned on Mr. George the weapon of direct action which he had hoped to throw over them; and like the Prussians at Waterloo, it fell in the nick of time on the flank of the war party, and made peace a reasonably certain issue.

I SAY reasonably certain, for the treacherous French *démarche* with Wrangel has made a new complication, and revived the personal importance of the Prime Minister. It looks as if the French had both deceived and insulted him. I am told that they opened their proposition to recognize Wrangel at Lympne, but at Mr. George's request agreed to defer their ruinous move, and only to put it forward in the event of the failure of the Minsk Conference. If any such moderating pledge was given, it has been broken, and for the obvious reason that France intends that the Conference shall fail, and that the Bolsheviks, faced with a new war on the Polish flank, will stiffen their terms. This they may be driven to do, for the excitable Poles are only too likely to answer to the French lure and stiffen theirs. Where M. Millerand and M. Berthelot are in error is in their calculation that we too shall be drawn into this diabolical trap. It is necessary to undeceive them.

THE act of the Quai d'Orsay brings the Entente to an end in its pernicious shape of an Anglo-French directorate of Europe. It is no question of a difference of form. We want one thing. France wants another. The keystone of our arch is a Russo-Polish peace as the portal of a European settlement. The keystone of hers is a militarized Poland, as a hammer of Bolshevism and an outpost of French militarism in the East. So we part company. If our Government is unprepared to take Lord Robert Cecil's advice, and replace the Duumvirate by a Council of Nations, it can do the next best thing. There is one Liberal power of the first rank in Europe. That is Italy. Her people have given many signs of a generous heart to their old enemies, and in point of liberality and long-sightedness her Central European and Russian policy has been well in advance of our own. Her statesmen have formed close personal ties with our representatives, while the fundamental incompatibilities of the French and the English temperament have only hardened under the strain of their new relationship. Moreover, we owe Italy something both materially, and in respect of the romantic, and never quite broken, associations of the Risorgimento. She is our proper affinity in the quest of peace, and of a *via media* with Soviet Russia. An understanding with her is therefore the first step

towards the Europe of the League, and away from that of France.

As for the tactics of the anti-war campaign, they are as yet undecided. But the inclination is to follow the lines of the German rising against the Kapp revolution. It is obviously easier to ask each body of workers who may be required to make or handle munitions, to "down tools" as soon as they realize that the stuff is meant for Poland. But this exposes little knots of operatives to dismissal, and therefore, in the end, pools of local resistance must inevitably expand into the general sympathetic strike. Therefore, the leaders of the great unions rather favor a general paralysis of the war machine, proclaimed from the first and carried out on a large though not necessarily a universal scale.

I WONDER how many Englishmen realize that since April last a censorship of the severest kind has been imposed on Egypt, not only on the vernacular press, but on every kind of literature, political, scientific, or religious. One of the victims has been Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's "My Diaries," the brilliant retrospect which thousands of his countrymen have read with delight. Mr. Blunt's Egyptian agent was asked to submit the original in English. It was at once objected to, as a "political book," dealing with Arabi and his rebellion, and liberty to go to press with it refused unless the "offensive passages" were deleted. The Censor was told that the author had stipulated that the translation should be full and accurate. "Never mind what the author wants," was the reply; "his wishes are not binding on me." The book, has, therefore, been "referred to the Residency," where, as Mr. Blunt properly declines a mutilated translation, it is likely to remain.

ONE has seen countless reproductions of St. Gaudens's Lincoln, but the work of the great artist gains incomparably by a close study of the material and the form of his conception. His figure of Lincoln strikes our own wretched London statuary into such complete insignificance that one is inclined to put even its great merits too high. I suppose the dress is a little conventionalized, though it instantly conveys the singular beauty of Lincoln's figure, which, shining through its apparent gauntness and knobbiness, made the closest American student of Lincoln portraiture say to me that he was one of the most finely and harmoniously made men who ever lived. As for the face, it drives one back to the stone symbols in the Medicean Chapel in Florence to find an adequate realization of its suggestive power. St. Gaudens finishes with great care; but who would part with one touch of elaboration, as he tries to absorb into his imagination such a study of power, joined to gentleness, reflective melancholy, and the humorous understanding of life? The St. Gaudens Lincoln looks a King of Men, of a regal port and stature. But it is also a singularly touching vision of character in the governing man.

I AM assured that the Queen did wear an osprey feather at the Royal garden party, and that my last week's assumption to the contrary is incorrect. If it is the fact, most British people will hear of it with deep regret. I do not know what profitable use of Royalty there can be, other than to discourage the baser form of dress and behavior, and to encourage the nobler.

If the Queen wears osprey hats the feather trade is heartened to pursue its abominable commercial cruelties, which have been condemned by Parliament, science, and the press, and have aroused the indignant feeling of the nation. The advisers of Royalty at least must know this, if the Queen does not. What is their defence?

WHEN a famous American wit heard that Poland was to be a Republic with Paderewski as its President, he replied: "Then I am afraid it will be only a *pianissimo* one."

THE LEPER DOOR IN BRIDGWATER CHURCH.

From lazarus I limp in rags

To see the God-Man die;

And through the little door I peer

And watch His folk pass by.

Then sharp and loud the Mass-bell rings,

They lift the God-Man up;

Through crust and rheum His altar glows,

And shines the golden Cup.

This penny buys a horn of mead—

The bag has meat enow;

The priest has signed with Holy Cross

The Hell that seals my brow.

To lazarus I limp in rags

For God-Man now has died.

My wounds are face and skin and soul,

And His were hands and side.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE LIVING STONE.

ON returning to his own country after long absence in other lands, the Englishman is torn by a strange contest between pleasure and unhappiness. As he is carried along by the train, the houses and streets appear to him incredibly mean and small. He can hardly believe that these shabby-genteel villas and rows of dingy dwellings are really towns and cities—towns and cities often of famous name and fine tradition. So skimpy and paltry and draggle-tailed they look; so uncommonly commonplace! "And is this London?" he might say, as he glides through the miles of suburbs—through line upon line of monotonous and melancholy houses, inhuman coverts for a hardworking and generous people. And when he reaches the central city itself, how different it is from the vision of his own! How mouldering, musty, and inharmonious, patched together without design or regard for futurity! Or in the midland and northern towns, he wonders how decent people, as our men and women generally are, can endure to live under that gloom of smoke, and bring up their young in those ignoble rows of blackened red or blackened brown. One other thought distresses him. The land of the foreign country from which he has come probably supports a peasant class alone, working the soil, living on it, and owning it. Here in his own country the land has some how to support three classes—the laborer who does most of the work; the farmer who does some; and the land-owner who does none.

That is the disenchanting side of the actual vision, and the more understanding the traveller has, the more

it will sadden him. But as he moves through the little fields and low hills of England, a peculiar sensation steals over him. It is a sense of familiarity and old acquaintance, though he may never have been in that part of the country before. He feels like a dry otter that discovers a stream, or like a dog that at last meets the pack he has long smelt and scoured for. Behind those lonely farms and clustered villages, and the hedgerow elms that make the country look almost like a forest, he is conscious of a history, and the history is his own. If he took an estate map of three hundred years ago, he knows he would find the hedges and copses and wandering lanes following exactly the same lines as they do now. If he is returning from some new land in Australia or South Africa or the Western States, he is amused to feel the Middle Ages encircling him again; and behind the Middle Ages, centuries of lumbering, good-tempered Saxons, and behind the Saxons, centuries of Imperial Rome, and behind Rome dim ages of Irish and Welsh, and heaven knows whom beside! Through his own heart the blood of them all is running, intermingled, and often at variance. "In my heart," he might say:

"In my heart it has not died,
The war that sleeps on Severn side;
They cease not fighting, east and west,
On the marches of my breast."

Sometimes, as he watches the landscape rapidly passing—the scenes of ancient battle and ancient peace—he will suddenly behold a cathedral rise—Canterbury from its ancient town; Ely, far across the fens, like a ship in full sail; Lincoln, like a lovely lady on a throne; Durham, massive upon rock; Exeter, like an embattled castle; Salisbury among the downs, proud of her cold perfection; Winchester beside the water courses; or Wells of the western hills. And in any one of those cathedrals the traveller feels his own history embodied—not his whole history, indeed, for that is incalculably longer, but his history for the last five or ten centuries, which is longer than most pedigrees can boast. One of our greatest orators will be remembered chiefly because he called the Thames "liquid 'istory." But the cathedrals are visible history—the history of our country written in living stone, and far more precious than the texts of Doomsday Book or Magna Carta. One of the strangest things in life is the assurance with which we can read history in every form of art. We see a poem or a drama or a picture, and we can date it almost to a certainty within ten years. The conception of beauty has varied with each age, almost with each lifetime. For a few years painters produced Crucifixes and Madonnas; again a few years, and they produced Cupids and Venuses; and again a few years, and they produced dead swans mixed up with boiled lobsters, slaughtered stags and a parrot. One generation produces "The Tempest"; the next produces "Paradise Lost"; the next the "Beggars' Opera," with its burlesque on the horrors of an execution, and the tangles of promiscuous sexuality. What we call bad art is just as interesting for history as the good; often it is more interesting. What an adventure in criticism to imagine the people who thought boiled lobsters the most beautiful subjects for painting, or the generation that regarded an execution as the most suitable subject for jest!

An ancient cathedral rises from the trim sward of the Close like a cliff of various geological ages. Here is a bit of Saxon work; there the powerful Norman; there the Early English begins; there is the "pointed," the

"decorated," the "perpendicular," the "renaissance," the "Jacobeans," the "Georgian," the "Victorian." With what little learning the main characters of the styles may be known, and behind each style what a depth of history is hidden! Edward the Confessor may have seen that tablet when he came to pray. That nave was built by a bishop who knew William Rufus. That window was being made while Edward I. was summoning our first great Parliament. This transept was added when Henry V. was King of France. These capitals and Miserere seats, depicting merry scenes of English life, and jests about the monks and friars, were being carved by ironic English workmen while Chaucer was telling his merry stories of Monk and Frere and Pardoners and Prioresse, and while Piers the Plowman was beholding his indignant vision of Heremites and Freris and Pilgrymes, Lunatiks, Bidders and Beggeres upon the Malvern Hills. Those straight lines in windows and arches were designed while Columbus was discovering America. Those imitations of classic decoration were thought just the right thing a few years before the Civil Wars. Those comfortable wooden seats were added about the time of Pope and Swift. That bishop's throne and that stained glass were the very best that Prince Albert's artistic friends could imagine. And round the walls or in the side-chapels, or even below the altar, stand tombs and monuments, from the days of knights, through the days of cherubs, to the days of nothing in particular, telling sad or glorious stories of recorded or unrecorded time.

In the choir, twice a day, divine services are said and sung in words of singular beauty, familiar to most English people for centuries past, and in sense familiar to other races, including the Hebrew, for ages before that. Outside, the jackdaws caw as they have cawed for centuries past, and around the rigid grass of the Close may be heard the pleasant voices of Dean and Canons, of their seclusive wives and precious young. At stated hours, from an ancient gateway, sole relic perhaps of the celibate abbey that preceded and endowed that charming population, there emerges a sacerdotal figure robed in vestments derived from the Roman priests of Jupiter and Saturn and Mars. To the lover of history he is as interesting a document as the cathedral itself; and of all the historic wealth discoverable in his own figure and dress, in his own heart and dwelling, in the beauty of the Close, and the living architecture of the cathedral he is the caretaker and guardian, appointed and paid. Is not a deanery or a canonry the acknowledged reward and opportunity for the ecclesiastical historian, the student of antiquity, or the inspired teacher of men?

Into the Close of cherished peace a charabanc stuffed with human souls intrudes. The men and women get out. They have come from far to see the cathedral, and see it they must. Keeping off the grass as commanded, they stroll up to the side gate. They gaze about them in the nave, and wonder how high the roof is. They whisper jokes to each other behind their hands. At certain hours they trot round the choir and chapels with a verger for a charge of sixpence a head, children half price. At service time they listen to a far-off gabble of voices and a far-off chanting of incomprehensible words. They shuffle about the aisles. They read an inscription or two. They take one last look back up the nave, and one last stare at a priest preceded by a silver rod. A pub in the High Street receives them. They drink forgetfulness.

Yet they might have something to remember if deans and canons did their work, or entrusted their

work to the less fastidious and obsolescent hands and brains of laymen. Samuel Barnett, the inspired canon of Westminster, once wrote:

"The cathedrals seem to be waiting to be used by the new spiritual force which, amid the wreck of so much that is old, is surely appearing. There is a widespread consciousness of their value—an unexpressed instinct of respect which is not satisfied by the disquisitions of antiquarians or the praises of artists. People feel that the cathedrals have a part to play in the coming time. All agree that the cathedrals must be preserved and beautified, that the teaching and the music they offer must be of the best, offered at frequent and suitable times, and that they must be used for the service of the great secular and religious corporations of the diocese. The cathedrals have a peculiar position in the modern world. I am inclined to say it is due to their unostentatious grandeur and to their testimony to the past."

Canon Barnett aimed at making the cathedrals centres of activity! That was a high conception, perhaps too startling for the intellect of a Close. Yet when he simply attempted to discuss the mere history of the Abbey in an unauthorized way and in unauthorized places, objections were raised. He found, as he said, that "if the event had not been provided for by some ancient document, or still more antiquated usage, the Chapter would count it sacrilegious, and find it their duty to forbid it." How long, then, are we to suffer these Chapters to forbid at their pleasure? Ruskin wrote about "The Bible of Amiens," but England has cathedrals of her own which equally deserve the name of Bibles for the people. Still the most of them are shut and chained, like the chained Bibles of old.

ON THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

THE willow-wren's song is not at all elaborate or brilliant, and the languishing notes, though they do not always float down to the last sighing diminuendo, are always repeated in the same order. Yet it is a song to which I could listen longer than to that of any other small bird (except the nightingale) I know, so fragile is it, but so lingering that after some minutes it steals into and interpenetrates the whole being, until one breathes and moves by music, as though personal identity were relaxing and shifting, swinging into the measured beats of nature's pulse, caught up into that great pendulum of song that surges up through drone of gnat's wing to the chiming of the star, and now down, a shaft of light, a loosed wind, a leaf, down into the fainting Amen of this yellowish-green little bird-form among the green-winged branches. There is, indeed, a double appeal in the song, the one belonging to the natural festival of renewal, the other to human sentiment—a good morning and a good evening. While aerial, and the very expression of shy, maidenly, early spring with its flowers rather melodies than colors, it is also human, not in the tone, I think (as Mr. Hudson says), but its expression and the gentle stimulus it gives to associations of the past. It is too subtle for melancholy, and its plaintiveness is free of sorrow—it voices what old Llyl would call a "pleasing pain." Though it is impossible for the human ear to distinguish by any difference of tone or quality between a bird's song uttered in anger or anxiety and one of rapture, yet intoxication of spirits, the overwhelming gladness which is in all nature, are what commonly impel a bird to sing, and of such is the willow-wren's elegy. But for us an elegy it remains, a reminder and looking backwards through the screen of leafy memory drawn aside by it.

The American ornithologist, Burroughs, compared the willow-wren's song with the chaffinch's. Personally,

I fail to see the slightest resemblance between them; they are in different worlds. Chaffinch and yellow-hammer, our British canary, are the only native species to run up a flourish at the end of their set stave. The "yoldring's" phrase, of course, is a much more humdrum affair than the chaffinch's; he does not put himself out about rivals, and song to this comfortable body sitting on the top of the hedge is what a pull of his pipe is to the placid countryman perched on the top bar of a gate—except that he sibilates away to himself all the warm, long day. The interest of the chaffinch's song is one of character and manner not sound (it is somewhat coarse, flat, and metallic in quality.) It is a defiance, a king-of-the-castle challenge, and it shouts "ha ha" as it smells the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. The cornbunting's song is as leisurely as the yellow's and has been compared with breaking glass, a rattling chain, the alarm-notes of the skylark, the wheezing in the pipes of an aged rustic, and the squeezing of pebbles together. I defer to these just and inventive similes and have only to add that unlike the yellow bunting who demands bread and no cheese, unlike the girl who leaves out the cheese, the corn leaves out the bread, "Quick, quick, cheese!" he says, and the style, semi-articulate, slurred, thickened and in the rough, is exactly the bird, muddling dowdily through life, in his chequered and slatternly plumage. Not that I do not love him for it—this best of companions for a grey day. The expression of the much rarer cirl-bunting is more subtly developed. Like Henry James, he is a master of the indicative style. It is "a little bit of bread and no—" and the vocalist leaves it to us to fill in the abhorred vacuum. It is, too, a louder and livelier song than that of his fellow buntings, less of a lazy drone.

Blackcap and garden warbler (Gilbert White's "pettichaps") move in a much more aristocratic world. The blackcap's song has a brief main figure, a central design, loud, full-ringing, pure, and though delivered with great speed and excitement, sharply articulated. Some of the notes are very high and clear, like the shape of a jagged mountain on a bright, cold day. But the burden, so to speak, is all decorated and spangled with "a great variety of soft and gentle modulations," as White says, and some of the notes in this "inward melody" have the sweetness and mellowness of a very different poet—the blackbird. Pettichaps sings a more routine music. In quality and general likeness, there is very little difference between the two songs; in the manner and spirit of delivery the birds are poles apart. The garden warbler is a more approachable bird, he sings more frequently and his lay is of a soberer coloring. In the blackcap's song, there seems the desire of something uncapturable and so an impression of something unachieved—the goal of all poetry and religion, human and natural, which is never reached. His cousin sings within his own horizon and without fieriness of heart. It is appropriate, therefore, that it is easy to see the garden warbler and difficult the blackcap, and that the one seems to shun the presence of the other as the more inspired master who outshines his domestic fire. For sweetness of melody without much power or brilliance, I should put the reed warbler, dabchick, sheldrake, and woodlark very high. There are girding notes in the beautiful song of the reed warbler, but most of it is a changeable, copious, refined rivulet of sound, sparkling with high-lights of lucid and penetrating notes, a breeze among harebells, and soft as the golden-tinted down shed by the sun upon the evening sky. Another bird's song like the wind—this time among seeded

grasses—is the meadow pipit's, sung as the bird descends upon expanded wings in a slanting curve from forty or fifty feet in the air and suitable to the wide expanse of earth and sky where the bird is at home and winds are abroad. The much commoner sedge warbler's song is as inferior to it as garden warbler's to blackcap's. The liquid, inflected call of the dabchick to his mate on reedy waters has been described as a "hinny" and that is good, but too harsh. It is rather a silvery jodel, wild and sweet and of the water watery. It is like a single long spider's thread hung with bright raindrops (the twittering of greenfinches is actually like the pattering of rain-drops among leaves) and is to the pond and river what the windy tremolo of the wood-wren is to the beech grove. In form, it comes nearest to the bell-like whistle of tomtit's spring-song. Shelducks have two cries; one a kind of chatter, wilder and more grateful to the ear than the magpie's; the other a whistle (uttered by the males in the breeding season), gentle, low and flute-like, with a tremulous break, not unlike the best note of the green woodpecker, when heard at some distance. The limpid song of the uncommon woodlark, uttered from a tree or in a spiral ascent of the sky is easily distinguishable from the skylark's, being less overpoweringly joyous and ringing, free of guttural notes and more in the notation of a clear, fluting warble. The melodious call-note—ulu—has a strange, melancholy spell of its own.

The tumultuous, abandoned laughter of the yaffle, shouting for joy as he swings from tree to tree, inexpressibly free, wild, intense and void of care, is first in my favor among the calls and songs of the larger English birds. Sometimes, he suspends his song half-way, and there is a certain resemblance to the loud double chirp of the greater spotted woodpecker, itself perhaps close to the original call-note of the woodpecker family, from which springs the beautiful, proud voice of our bird.

But one might go on like this for ever—from the thrice repeated peal of the lovely, diamonded wryneck, the cuckoo's "boder" or "messenger," to the quavering trill of the wood-wren, preluded by bright strokes—chit, chit, chit, chit—as he shivers his long wings among the high, wind-tossed branches, from the bustling, work-a-day shrillness of the wren and the excited garrulity of the whitethroat (the sipper, sipper, sipper, of the lesser whitethroat is a quite different song, a row of exclamation marks to round his cousin's song) and to the mysterious bleating of the snipe, like the twittering of Virgilian shades and the ardors of the nightingale. I remember once that while walking among the silent woodlands there suddenly burst upon me the voices of all the outcasts and gypsies among the birds—the growling caw of the crow, the exhilarating shrieks of jays, the chattering of pies and the distant chanting of wood-owls. Gradually they fell silent, and then in the quiescence of nature, her indignation stilled. I heard a few feet away in the hazels, the low, intimate wind-music of the bullfinch. The change of mood was extraordinarily dramatic, but the soft plaintiveness of the notes preserved the continuity of the experience, while introducing an unexpected variation upon it. The variety even of our English birds' songs is as great as that between jay's shriek and bullfinch's pipe, but the gaps are filled up by gradual differences. Happier are these than their Arctic and tropical brethren, so surely vanishing from the world for ever, and coming to English shores not on free wing and with glad cries but packed tight in the bales of ships' holds.

M.

Letters to the Editor.

THE STATE OF GERMAN CHILDREN.

SIR.—Your issue of July 17th, containing an appeal from Miss Ruth Fry on behalf of Central European Universities, has just reached Leipzig.

Though she does not mention this University by name, I am anxious to endorse her appeal on its behalf. A very considerable number of its 6,000 students are suffering hunger and deep distress. Their white faces are a familiar sight in these streets. Indeed, I am told that last week one was brought to the Rector in a fainting condition through hunger. The townspeople have been active in organizing an extension of the custom of inviting students to dine regularly in private families, but the pressing difficulties of lack of service, fuel, and food prevent hospitality on a large scale. Only the goodwill is there. The energetic and effective Hungeruder Volker Committee of Berne, which has opened so many kitchens for grown-up people throughout Austria (including one for Vienna students), has sent produce also to Leipzig and fed some 60 students during the summer term. The Quakers' Mission in Berlin also has contributed a small sum, which has added something more substantial to the meagre fare of the "Kouvik" table, as well as providing for about a hundred other young men. In our own school-feeding, being somewhat shorthanded during the holidays, we have been killing two birds with one stone by engaging the services of certain students who likewise receive their dinner. But they need clothing and soap. There is a significant printed notice on the University walls that cloaks, when hung up, should be secured by lock and chain.

But while I hope that Miss Fry's appeal will find response, my own most earnest plea is for the Leipzig children, of whom I feed 11,000 daily. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in his recent articles on Germany, most aptly describes her children as "blighted." But while emphasizing the regrettable fact that England has done so little for German children, Mr. Gardiner brushes aside what he calls "trifles like Leipzig." One must sadly own that 11,000 is but a trifle out of the 1,000,000 badly under-nourished children of Germany, but to feed even these is no trifle. It is all-important that the steady feeding of these children should continue if the improvement now at last beginning to show itself is to be maintained. They were reduced, pallid to the ear-tips. No eye but was dull and vacant. Now vitality and energy are being born, eyes are sparkling, and here and again a cheek has color. This is the reward of those who have toiled for them, of Frau Mansfield and her co-workers, and of all far and wide who have sent money or food for them. This newborn vitality will decline if the feeding is not maintained next winter. The German Government is showing its appreciation by timely support. After harvest it promises to contribute the two most difficult items—sugar and flour. This will reduce the costs by 20-25 per cent., and leaves only some £20,000 to collect.

No doubt the "Save the Children Fund," already our largest donor, will continue its support and, at any rate, transmit donations ear-marked "Leipzig" from its offices in 26, Golden Square, W. 1. Or such can be sent direct to our Treasurer, Dr. Schonfeld's Leipzig Feeding Account in London Joint City & Midland Bank, 5, Prince's Square, E.C. Only by food can these children escape the ravages of tuberculosis.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

Leipzig. August 6th, 1920.

SIR.—We have been visiting some of the hospitals and feeding stations which are to-day endeavoring to save the German children and the terribly impoverished university students from fatal injury by hunger and disease, and we cannot help asking for the hospitality of your columns in order to testify to the facts, because the bulk of the British public is entirely unaware of what the present situation means.

One must have known Germany before the war in order

to realize the catastrophe which is hidden below the surface. In the hotels and restaurants there is plenty to eat, and the traveller has little discomfort to put up with except on the days when the only bread supplied is the indigestible black-brown bread of the general public. He may sometimes get margarine or even butter, and in the crowded streets he may think he sees a proof that things are prosperous.

But let him take the trouble to visit a hospital, and he will find an abyss of evil of which the following is typical. During our visit to a children's out-patient clinic, two little twin sisters, healthy girls become tuberculous, had come for their second examination. The mother had received an order for milk and butter, but instead of improved condition there had been a marked decline, the weights of the two girls being 25 and 20 kg. instead of the normal 40. Why? Because the municipal food office, though reserving all possible food for the sick, had run short of butter, so that the doctor's order was worthless. While the traveller, eating luxuries which his hotel has obtained by illicit trading, reflects that the famine has been exaggerated, the needs of the sick cannot be met even by the authorities who are in the best position to meet them. Although a small amount of luxury food reaches the hotels, there is not a sufficient quantity to enable the public authority to obtain a regular supply for urgent purposes. Surveying them by hundreds, in school and after school, where they were getting a meal by foreign charity, one realized from the occasional presence of a child with normally healthy complexion, that the usual grey or yellowish hue of the mass meant a deficiency of feeding which is rightly called famine.

The British public is familiar with statistics; it reads of 30,000 tuberculous children in Berlin alone, a million children dead in Germany from hunger and consumption since the Armistice. But to become aware of the enormity of the evil one must see the school children with hollow chests and lifeless eyes, the corpse-like babies dying in the wards because their mothers' milk was poisoned by bad and exiguous food. Here is a whole rising generation on the verge of breakdown. Tuberculosis and rickets find an easy prey, and the soil is ready for epidemics which may spread to all Europe.

The ultimate remedy can only be found in Governmental action such as is advocated by the Fight the Famine Council—in the supply of credit and the resumption of free international relations. Meanwhile, we desire to testify to the intensity of the need for relief and the immeasurable value of the various efforts associated with the Save the Children Fund (26, Golden Square, London, W. 1).—Yours, &c.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD,
JOSEPH KING,
NOEL BUXTON.

THE PLUMAGE TRADE AND ITS GUILT.

SIR.—Another of the Plumage Trade leaflets has recently come into my hands—"The Facts of the Plumage Trade: A Word to English Women"—and for the benefit of readers who are not familiar with the immoderate deceit practised by the trade in its own defence, it is worth while examining the statements set out in this pamphlet. After a pious introduction testifying to the gentleness and humanity of this enormous traffic in savagery and extermination, passages from the "Times" letter of the Venezuelan official, M. Dominici, are printed in large type. It will be remembered that this letter asserted that the dorsal plumes of the egret were only gathered after they had been moulted naturally by the birds, and that the egret was protected in Venezuela. Against this purely *ex parte* statement, upon which the trade (apart from mere disclaimers) exclusively relies for its apology, we have the following vouchers from scientific and official sources: (1) That the Venezuelan Government derives a large revenue from the Plumage Trade; (2) that a "dead" or "moulted" plume is worth one-sixth of a "live" one (both these facts have been admitted by the trade); (3) that our Consul at Caracas expressly declared that "the vast majority of the plumes are obtained by the slaughter of the birds during the breeding season" and that local regulations cannot control it; (4) that the evidence for the rapid exter-

mination of egrets in Venezuela and other regions of South America is that of travelling ornithologists and men of science of high position and integrity (they number nearly a score); (5) that Lieutenant Miller in his recent travel book of Venezuela (Unwin) describes the poisoning of one of its rivers to get at an inaccessible colony of egrets and other swamp and water-birds; (6) that Venezuela is an incult, sparsely inhabited, vast, and primitive country, the egrets nesting in its wildest part; (7) that the smaller Florida under a more modern and highly organized Government was unable not only to save its egrets, spoonbills, ibises, &c., from wholesale butchery in the breeding season, but some of their human guardians from murder; and (8) that egrets shed their plumes (after their function is fulfilled and their decorative beauty gone) on migration in swamps and thickets over a vast tract of country. This is the statement which "cannot be refuted and is absolutely conclusive."

There follows the clumsy fabrication of the Indian egret "farms" which has been completely discredited by the British Museum authorities, and on these two counts this "humane" trade assures the women of England that they need feel no shame in wearing egret plumes. True, for if they believe this kind of stuff their credulity will run neck and neck with their callousness. We are then told that the birds of paradise are only shot in their third year, as if that made some kind of difference either to their imminent extinction (a fact of which we are assured by the British Museum ornithologists and Mr. Goodfellow, F.Z.S., who travelled in New Guinea and saw both the devastation of their haunis—they breed in special localities—and the corruption of the natives hired to shoot them by rum and opium) or to the intrinsic savagery of wearing the bridal ornaments of these unique birds as articles of dress.

The pamphlet concludes with the impudent untruths (a) that the trade employs 3,000 workpeople—having admitted to the House of Lords Committee, to Sir Charles Hobhouse, and in the "Spectator" this year that the numbers were from 600 to 700, and (b) "The opposition of Venezuela, France—viz., the French plume traders—and South Africa" to the Bill. Is it a matter for surprise that those who know the trade never believe a word it says, when the *South African trade has, as a result of its meeting at Port Elizabeth this year, sent a message to their Government vehemently denouncing opposition to the Bill*. Where is common integrity when so gross a falsehood is allowed to be circulated?

It is to be noticed that the pamphlet says not a word about the hundreds of other species butchered for hats, the impression being that the egret and bird of paradise alone are so used, and that India (whence exportation is illegal) and Venezuela are the only countries whose birds of wonderful beauty and indispensable agricultural service are used to make money and hat trimmings. It is interesting, therefore, to call attention to a letter, sent to me by the High Commissioner of New Zealand a fortnight ago, declaring that the trade had massacred all but the last colony of egrets there and that "several of our most beautiful birds are now extinct, and their extinction is due to the operations of the skin and plumage hunters." The bird population of New Zealand is, or rather was, with the possible exception of Australia (where the lyre-bird has been practically exterminated by the trade), the most interesting from the point of view of evolution in the world.—Yours, &c.,

"Plumage Bill Group."

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE RELATIONS OF ENGLISHMEN AND INDIANS.

SIR.—The latest issue of THE NATION to hand contains an article contributed by a so-called Edinburgh Indian.

I have travelled from end to end of India many times and on all railways. There is no such thing as a first-class carriage specially labelled "Reserved for Europeans" in India, Burma, or Baluchistan; but it is a great pity that there is not, for travelling Indians have as much right to object to our habits of blowing our noses in our handkerchief and smoking pipes as we have to object to theirs of blowing their noses on the floor, spitting pan-juice on the

walls, or of smoking hookahs. What is resented is the insinuation that a separate railway carriage for a separate custom constitutes a factor in "the present régime of political repression, massacre, and cruelty."

It is a pity for your cause that your correspondent has mentioned the present Arms Act among his "facts," as, if either he or you had examined the constitution of that Act, it would have been apparent immediately that Indians have acquired from it an equal and in some instances superior right to carry arms, while Europeans' rights to arms and ammunition have been reduced and in some cases taken entirely away.

As regards "the oppressive methods of the police," you will, no doubt, be grieved to hear that owing to the increase and spread of hooliganism or goondaisim, to use a word your correspondent might understand better, in certain parts of Calcutta and other large Indian cities, the peaceful and law-abiding Indians are publicly petitioning Government to appoint more European police inspectors and superintendents to the affected districts on the grounds that the Indian officials who nowadays mostly hold the appointments formerly filled by Europeans are quite incapable of keeping the bad characters in check.

Doubtless, D.O.R.A. was unpleasant for merchants and others anxious to fill their coffers with the poorer folks' pice for grain and cloth, and the noisy advocates of violence to secure the redress of imagined wrongs.

I challenge your Edinburgh correspondent to state publicly the following:

1. If it is a fact that Indian railway booking-office clerks keep thousands of third-class passengers waiting for hours and days for their tickets, until they have received their bribes and commissions?

2. That native midwives have a rule of proceeding half-way with delivering cases, and then refusing to continue with them unless increased fees are paid?

3. That the native commissioned and non-commissioned ranks of the Indian Army will box recruits' ears and kick them on parade when British officers are not present, but not when they are present?

4. That the whole native staffs of Indian hospitals, from the assistant surgeons down to the ward-sweepers, levy a toll on all "non-paying" patients, as a general rule, failing which, admission, treatment, and even sanitary attendance will be refused until the attention of the European civil surgeon has been called to the matter?

5. That native money lenders have such a throttling, overwhelming grip upon the agricultural peasant throughout India that the latter may be really called their bond slaves for life, and their children after them?

6. That every letter and every petition presented by the humble and poorer classes of native to native or European in authority has literally to be covered in silver to assuage the greed of the various natives' hands it must pass through before it can reach its destination?

In conclusion, Sir, would it not be wiser, were you to examine the truth of correspondents' or contributors' statements before casting them before the public without comment, even though they may serve their purpose in your political campaign, the objects of which were well known during the War and, in consequence, all the better realized now?—Yours, &c.,

H. S. L. DEWAR.

[The columns of THE NATION are open to the expression of views of all kinds, including those which are as distasteful to it as those of "Edinburgh Indian" and Mr. Dewar. The mistake of fact with which he deals had already been corrected.—ED., NATION.]

THE RELIGIOSITY OF LENIN.

SIR.—Mr. Robert Dell, in his letter in your issue of July 31st, puts his finger on the distinction which counts nowadays. He sees what so few see, i.e., that the dividing line should be drawn *not* between "believers" and "atheists" (they are of the same mentality), but between dogmatists and their opposites (to designate whom no suitable word exists). I hesitate between "agnostic" and "mystic," but both are involved in misleading associations).

Lenin's attitude is as pernicious as that of Mohammed,

of Torquemada, of Calvin, of Holbach, of Ludwig Büchner—and for the same reason, i.e., for its dogmatism.

Paul re Lagarde rightly remarked that Jesuitism and Materialism are correlative. "The water in these communicating pipes is always at the same height." And there is absolutely nothing to choose between positive and negative dogmatism. The two types, indeed, understand one another remarkably well, while no other attitude is conceivable to either—they are both cursed with the gift of the literal mind.

Where one feels that Mr. Dell's diagnosis goes astray is in his identification of the attitude of rigorous dogmatism with religion. It has nothing to do with religion. It may be a conspicuous characteristic of those institutions known as Churches, which so often exploit the religious instinct (and of which the *Ecclesia Romana* is the most notable example), but religion, as such, has nothing to do with "the dogma of systematic intolerance." To call Lenin's attitude religious, is a misuse of language: his attitude is identical with that of Ignatius Loyola—that implacable, fearless, efficient, but fundamentally non-religious type.

What is the contrary type, in the sphere of religion, to the dogmatist? You have him in Origen, in Scotus Erigena, in Eckhart, in Roger Bacon, in the Humanists of the Renaissance, in Bruno (the Holy Office knew its enemy), in Spinoza (the "unclean and foul atheist," as a contemporary dogmatist termed him), in Pascal, in Kant, in Schopenhauer, and (for all his faults) in Nietzsche. The spirit of these men and of the simple believers who are (at bottom) like them, may be summed up in the well-known passage of Lessing:

"If God, with all truth in His right hand, and in His left the single, unceasing striving after truth, even though coupled with the condition that I should ever and always err, came to me and said, 'Choose!' I should in all humility clasp this left hand and say, 'Father, give me this! Is not pure truth for Thee alone?'"

Dogmatism is the ultimate impiety.—Yours, &c.,

J. C. HARDWICK.

Altringham, August 2nd, 1920.

THE DISCOVERY OF IRELAND.

SIR,—Contentions advanced by Lord Sheffield anent an article of mine entitled "The Discovery of Ireland," published in THE NATION of July 10th, perhaps merit further attention in your columns.

With your correspondent's principal argument—that England should not be blamed for "defects" (in the present state of affairs in Ireland) for which the English Government is not responsible—nobody interested in a fair solution of the problem will disagree. Furthermore, it is, of course, true that some, though perhaps not so many as Lord Sheffield indicates, of the "blots in the map of Irish progress," are owing to the Irish themselves.

However, exception may and should be taken to the assertion that the English Government is in no way responsible for the present alignment of Irish railways, and to the assertion that Irish mineral resources, "if these resources existed," have hitherto been neglected only by reason of native indifference, for which the English Government cannot be called to account. With regard to the first point, the history of railway development in the region of the Arigna coalfield in North Connaught may be cited. With regard to the second, the still only partially divulged story of the Washing Bay borings in Tyrone. In connection with the alleged indifference of the Irish people to the development of the natural resources of their country and the (to Lord Sheffield) doubtful existence of such resources, it is interesting to remember that it is Sinn Fein which is now bringing out a report on the potentialities of this Tyrone coalfield. Indeed, it is perhaps the keynote of the Sinn Fein movement that it is developing and encouraging in and for Ireland that resourcefulness and self-dependence which Lord Sheffield seems to find lacking in Irish character, but which is not noticeable in the Irish in the United States or any other country not under British rule.

Finally, with no desire to adopt the *tu quoque* form of argument, it is permissible to ask a question in connection with your correspondent's charges that Irish education is "despotically managed" by Roman Catholic control. Does

not the British Government insist that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—a country overwhelmingly Catholic—be of Protestant faith?—Yours, &c.,

FELIX MORLEY.

"Fairby Grange," Fawkham, Kent, August 6th.

A GERMAN PROTEST.

SIR,—I have a great many acquaintances in England, kind-hearted, straight-minded, generous people with an unflinching sense of right and justice. I do not understand these people any more, I confess it. Do they know what is going on at present or do they not know it? Our papers contain the following official announcement: The British Government has given orders that all German colonists in the hitherto German colony of East Africa have to leave their soil and are to be "repatriated." Their property is to be sold, no Germans are allowed to buy anything of it or to settle down again in East Africa. What does this mean? This means a return to manners and customs that had been given up for more than a thousand years, that have been denounced in the history lessons of the schools of the whole civilized world as brutal barbarities of the dark ages. When during the war it became known that a similar scheme with regard to certain parts of Belgium had been proposed by certain fanatics among the Pan-Germans an outcry of horror and indignation rang through the world. *Where is that outcry now?* Yet here are people who have as good a right to the soil they have cleared and made their home as anybody else to his homestead, whether in Belgium or England or France. What is to become of these people? They are to be sent to Germany out of a land abounding with food, full of opportunities to maintain themselves; sent to a starving country, overcrowded with paupers, where the great army of the unemployed—owing to the coals being taken away by the Entente—is increasing day by day. Why are these people delivered to misery and despair? Does England need their farms? Do not three-quarters of the world already belong to the English people? Is this what President Wilson promised us in the "Fourteen Points" when he mentioned a liberal agreement as to the colonies? This is not a question of politics, not even in the sense that evil might come in future of this sowing of the dragon's teeth of hatred. That may or may not be the case, but there are things one cannot do, even if one has the power to act so, simply from self-respect. I do not understand my English friends.—Yours, &c.,

LEVIN L. SCHUCKING,

Professor of English in the University
of Breslau.

July 28th, 1920.

"THE LATER STRAVINSKY."

SIR,—Mr. R. O. Morris, whose interesting attempt to analyze the music of Stravinsky was published in a recent issue of THE NATION, has, I think, been too eager to establish a parallel between the painting technique, known as "pointillism," and the musical technique employed by Stravinsky.

In his efforts to prove that Stravinsky's music is merely "a succession of isolated sound-units, referable to one another in terms of tonal contrast," Mr. Morris has entirely ignored the whole question of *rhythm*. Rhythm is the basis of music, and their rhythmic variety is one of the most striking features of all Stravinsky's works, late and early. Rhythm implies cohesion; and, leaving aside all other considerations, it is the marvellous rhythmic force and dynamic energy with which such works as "Le Sacre du Printemps" are instinct, that make it impossible to dismiss such music as being "a series of sense-perceptions which the mind is unable to unify."

No analysis of Stravinsky is complete without taking into full consideration the purely *dynamic*, as distinct from the melodic, or even harmonic, nature of his music.

And, in the face of such masterpieces as "Petrouchka" (to which Mr. Morris rather patronizingly refers as a "little work"), "Le Sacre," and "Le Rossignol" (which again is full of rhythmic ingenuity and that kind of fantastic

melancholy to see him sum up unworkable

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melancholy which pervades all Stravinsky's works), it is hard to see how a broad-minded critic can be so dogmatic as to sum up the Stravinsky method as "wrong in theory and unworkable in practice."—Yours, &c.,

ROLLO H. MYERS.

1, Rue Bruller, Paris.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SPEECH.

SIR.—R. L. G.'s interesting discussion of the vulgar tongue, in your issue of May 8th, recalls vividly to me the remark of an English lady years ago; one of my British playmates having made fun of my American manner of speech her governess rebuked the child with, "Don't blame her, my dear; the language used in the States is like the English we spoke two hundred years ago!"

She was right. So far as many of our expressions can be traced, they do go back to that eighteenth or sixteenth century variety of the common tongue from which your contributor illustrates his remarks. In New England especially the old forms "Dan'l" for "Daniel" and "spannel" for "spaniel," "Wood'ard" for "Woodward," are all but universal outside Boston and Cambridge; other elided words common there—I wonder if they also occur in old England—are "Sat'day" for "Saturday" and "med'cine" for "medicine"; I can still hear my grandmother's crisp voice clipping the syllables.

Such variations as "wissel" for "whistle" and "wip" for "whip," though severely frowned upon by educated people, are extremely prevalent in certain places, Brooklyn and New York most notably. There, too, and in New England, flourishes the barbarous-sounding extra *r*, inserted between a final *a* and a following vowel, e.g., "The idear of it!" Such vulgarisms probably exist among the easy-going everywhere; I am not sure that they be proved to be as definitely localizable in the eighteenth century as can "chaney" and "laylock," which R. L. G. quotes, and would doubtless be glad to recognize in many a New England village, together with that old-fashioned flower name, "piny" for "peony."

Most of us over here say "of'n" for "often" and "agen" for "again" and "bin" for "been"; almost none of us who are real natives would say "clark" for "clerk" or would recognize the unfamiliar "Barkshire" for the name of the well-loved hill county in western Massachusetts, called after the English Berkshire. In general, our place names are pronounced phonetically, "Warwick" in Massachusetts has the full value of its two *w*'s given it, and Greenwich, Connecticut, is often pronounced to rhyme with "green witch!" We are said to be lazy speakers, we are certainly careless in our articulation of consonants, and yet we go to the trouble of recognizing in sound, letters that you have long dropped out of hearing. Perhaps the American Dialect Society will some day throw a little speculative light on all these vexed questions of usage.—Yours, &c.,

WINIFRED SMITH.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

THE REFORM OF THE PRISON SYSTEM.

SIR.—In the report upon the English Prison System, which we are now preparing for the Press, we desire to include a chapter upon the functions, potential and actual, of the Visiting Committee of Magistrates appointed for local prisons and of the similar Boards of Visitors for convict prisons. We are writing to ask any of your readers, who are in a position to do so, to be good enough to put us into communication with, or to forward us the names and addresses of, any such Visiting Magistrate who would be disposed to criticize effectively a short memorandum on the subject, which we have in hand.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN HOBBHOUSE,
A. FENNER BROCKWAY.

Joint Secretaries of the Prison System Enquiry
of the Labor Research Department.

5, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C. 2.

August 9th, 1920.

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Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,455	16	8
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[THE Editorial address is still 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2.]

Poetry.

APRIL BYEWAY.

FRIEND whom I never saw, yet dearest friend,
Be with me travelling on the byeway now
In April's month and mood: our steps shall bend
By the shut smithy with its penthouse brow
Armed round with many a felly and crackt plough:
And we will mark in his white smock the mill
Standing aloof, long numbed to any wind,
That in his crannies mourns, and craves him still;
But now there is not any grain to grind,
And even the master lies too deep for winds to find.

Grieve not at these: for there are mills amain
With lusty sails that leap and drop away
On further knolls, and lads to fetch the grain.
The ash-spit wickets on the green betray
New games begun and old ones put away.
Let us fare on, dead friend, O deathless friend,
Where under his old hat as green as moss
The hedger chops and finds new gaps to mend,
And on his bonfires burns the thorns and dross,
And hums a hymn, the best, thinks he, that ever was

There the gray guinea-fowl stands in the way,
The young black heifer and the raw-ribbed mare,
And scorn to move for tumbril or for dray
And feel themselves as good as farmers there.
From the young corn the prick-eared leverets stare
At strangers come to spy the land—small sirs,
We bring less danger than the very breeze
Who in great zig-zag blows the bee, and whirs
In bluebell shadow down the bright green leas;
From whom in frolic fit the chopt straw darts and flees

The cornel steeping up in white shall know
The two friends passing by, and poplar smile
All gold within; the church-top fowl shall glow
To lure us on, and we shall rest awhile
Where the wild apple blooms above the stile;
The yellow frog beneath blinks up half bold,
Then scares himself into the deeper green.
And thus spring was for you in days of old,
And thus will be when I too walk unseen
By onethat thinksmefriend, the best that there has been.

All our lone journey laughs for joy, the hours
Like honey bees go home in new-found light
Past the cow pond amazed with twinkling flowers
And antique chalkpit newly delved to white,
Or idle snow-plough nearly hid from sight.
The blackbird sings us home, on a sudden peers
The round tower hung with ivy's blackened chains,
Then past the little green the byeway veers,
The mill-sweeps torn, the forge with cobwebbed panes
That have so many years looked out across the plains.

But the old forge and mill are shut and done,
The tower is crumbling down, stone by stone falls;
Anague doubt comes creeping in the sun,
The sun himself shudders, the day appals,
The concourse of a thousand tempests sprawls
Over the blue-lipped lakes and maddening groves,
Like agonies of gods the clouds are whirled,
The stormwind like the demon huntsman roves—
Still stands my friend, though all's to chaos hurled,
The unseen friend, the grandest friend in all the world.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A History of the Working Classes in Scotland." By Thomas Johnson. (Forward Publishing Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Old Village Life." By P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "About Others and Myself, 1745-1920." By Sir A. Anson. (Murray. 2ls. net.)
- "In the Clouds above Baghdad." By Lt.-Col. J. E. Tennant. (Cecil Palmer. 15s. net.)

* * *

SOME years ago, when visiting an author who is not only famous but deserves to be, I noticed in a corner of his study a stack of brown-paper parcels. Several of the parcels had the wrappers torn, and I could see they held books. I recognized some very recent publications, and was indiscreet enough to look closer. The great man, a model of courtesy, forbearance, modesty, hospitality, and other gentle virtues, seeing me do it, at once dropped his austere monocle, fluttered his hands before him, raised them, clenched and beat them down, and stepped closer to me with his face thrust forward and rigid with annoyance; but, though obviously trying to say something, he was unable to do so, because his sudden emotion had, for the time, congested his utterance. Luckily, I could see it was the parcels he hated, and not me. Therefore, though I felt diminished and nervous before so great a man, it needed no very stout courage to wait for his words to burst; for clearly I was no more responsible for those parcels than for the day of the month.

* * *

"Why do they do it?" at last he demanded. "You're a newspaper man. Why do they do it? Is it done to annoy me?" I picked up these words and other fragmentary exclamations, assembled them with that ready improvisation towards a hidden meaning which a journalist acquires who has to settle so often even the doom of nations, as it were, on the back of an hotel bill (you know what Special Correspondents are like, of course), and decided that one of the many daily papers with the largest circulation had sent all this mass of new publications to the famous man for him to review. Indeed, at last he said so. It agitated him like an unremitting leak in a water pipe which he was unable to stop. It appeared that at first the parcels came unannounced. They kept coming until he demanded to know why this error was continued. Then he was informed that he was supposed to review them. No doubt, somewhere a news-editor, prompt and clever, but lacking the faculty for discrimination, and without that knowledge of letters which it is so hard to acquire in the hurry of modern journalism, had noticed that this man was famous, and that there were books to review. It gave him an immediate conjunction of irrelevant ideas, a curious association such as has supplied the Press with many of its most popular and sensational features. Hence the parcels. Yet the great man said to me: "What shall I do with the damned things?"

* * *

A QUESTION of greater pertinence than he knew, for he was addressing a reviewer; but an unanswerable question. Perhaps, in ignoring them he was doing the best thing possible, for the act of reviewing seems one of the many idle occupations in a society which has developed an excess of such functions for tapping easy nutriment from its essential labors. Compared with it, the samphire gatherer's is noble and beneficent toil. Yet even the reviewer of books, it is but fair to him to point out, though his work is not so damp as that of the gatherer of samphire, often has a wretched time of it, creaking and groaning, rusty-minded, through the latest gritty volume, urged to such a task by hunger, and a hypothetical public alleged to be anxious to know whether he can endure the thing or not; the dog the new book is tried on.

KNOWING what the work is, and the way usually it is done, and what most of the books are like upon which the work is performed, it is difficult, in the long run, to retain a respect for the reviewer's office; for when the review is not dull or perfunctory, it is—and this is worse—clever and altitudinous. Either it is tedious, or else it resembles the passes a priest makes before the mysteries. Probably no reviewer ever reads reviews, and regrets, in the end, that he has to read books. But how different it all would be if it were done in the spirit of "The Art of Reading," which are the lectures of the Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University during 1918-1919. They have just been made into a volume, desirable in its very appearance, by the Cambridge University Press. When you read Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch on books you get the feeling that you have been translated, somehow, to the upper slopes, that the turmoil is not only below, but reduced to soundless indistinction and to insignificance. The insignificance of what is below is one of the most soothing features of the prospect; it would puzzle you to find Westminster. The gods may long since have gone, but you have no doubt that once they frequented this upper solitude. "Q." seems at home there. He lolls about, and even goes to the length of pulling out his pipe, as it were.

* * *

AND who would trouble any more, in a timeless place, about the affairs which are passing far below? They are passing, and that is enough. The gods may have gone—or you would not be there, and "Q." lolling about—but the memory of the place for its great occasions is such that, though knowing little of them, you become aware of a presence there, invisible but abiding. The terrible memory of these latter years will grow faint, will recede into the dark which has absorbed all the astonishing follies and crimes of humanity. Even the last insolences and treacheries, more terrible than the war, we have allowed to be done to the memory of the dead by the great and base, these, too, will lessen their power to anger, and will be forgotten. But to the world in which "Q." moves, when he talks about books, you have the unreasonable assurance is translated, and is sublimated, all the best that your fellows have ever done. There they are justified. There now lives the youth who responded once to a high appeal, and touched—for a wonder—clear through all the tough and selfish instincts encouraged by society, gave all he had, and with not even a backward look of reproach to us for our indifference by which to remember him, is now nameless and forgotten. He lives there. He lives there, and while it is possible for a lover of books to remind us of the best that has been done, he will be as immortal as the emotion evoked by the "Agamemnon." I should like, if only because of an old gratitude, to pay "Q." a tribute, and if I could pay him a better one than that for the assurance he gives that the watch by the sacred flame is still being kept, I would.

* * *

IT is comforting to know that in Cambridge young people may listen to lectures on literature such as these, with their friendly air of intimacy and common-sense, of being on one's own level, and yet having the undeniable authority of scholarship. And who is there beside "Q." with such a gift for lucky quotation? His very quotations are enough to show the young where to look for the best. There is material in this book on the "Art of Reading" for a series of reviews; and reviews, too, which a reviewer would find pleasure in devising. (And how many books would prompt that acute desire to do some work?) For one thing, there is nobody concerned with education who should miss the chapters on "Reading for Children." It is not hard, it is even easy, to get children to read not only bad books, but good ones. But what should be the method? "Q.'s" usually friendly humor gets nicely barbed when he describes what is the official and commercial appreciation of literature; and of the value commercial men put upon works for improving the mind of the child. There is no doubt a contempt for poetry, for quickening books generally, among our really successful people, which is probably the reflex of fear. They dread the attitude of mind induced by great literature.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

THACKERAY.

I.

The story of humanity is the tale of the house that Jack built, and this always ends triumphantly, after the catalogue of the cat, the rat, and the other industrious creatures who did the work, with "this is the man that lived in the house that Jack built." The man who did not build is the crown and glory of the whole. This view, at any rate, went unchallenged in the heyday of the Industrial Revolution, when the Indian nabob, who had tapped the wealth of the East, and the mill-owner who had used the brains of the inventor and the strength of the 'prentice children, were first joining forces with that other section of the elect, the landed gentry. The landlord, it is true, when he chanced to be a great Duke, lived in the Holy of Holies, while the mill-owner was but a dweller in the Holy Place. Yet it was not impossible to cross from one realm to the other, for the bridge was supplied in marriage. And that fact settled the value of the woman. The *unmarriageable maiden learnt to say, " You must ask papa,"* and this for good reasons, since papa knew better what is the nature of a business contract.

It is this world that Thackeray painted. His people are preoccupied entirely with those streams of Pactolus which flowed from human labor applied to steam-power, and the only difference between the serious folk and the idlers was that the former spent their time diverting the stream in this direction or in that, while the latter merely bathed in those refreshing waters. No one in Thackeray does anything by way of useful labor, except Crawley of Queen's Crawley who breeds pigs and Miss Honeyman who makes tarts and lets lodgings. And both Crawley and the lady are heartily despised for so doing. To work *coram populo* is shameful. Only vaguely in the remote background of the Newcome world the factory chimneys smoke to make their wealth; much play is made of the Colonel's nobility in not forgetting an old nurse and relative who was once a mill-girl, while Ethel Newcome is a bold free-thinker because she refuses to believe the story that the founder of the family was barber-surgeon to a king: she actually suspects he may have been only a barber. In this world to be an artist is to be an utterly impossible person, and even a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" is rather common. Thackeray knows better than this, for is he not a cosmopolitan? Yet all his skill deserts him when he draws J. J., the butler's son, who, as a working artist, is about as convincing as would be a painting of a clothes-horse to indicate a racer. The people Thackeray understood had other interests than work.

In 1829 appeared "Père Goriot," in 1846 "Vanity Fair": these two novels are companion pictures of the new world that was coming into being with the age of capitalism. Paris and London were the natural centres of this Western creed, the only faith which the West has actually produced, that wealth is the road to everyman's desire, that there can be a heaven on earth and that the gate to it is guarded, not by a common fisherman, but by a banker. The many pages of Thackeray's long books, the scores of volumes by Balzac, are concerned entirely with the crowd that jostles outside the gates of this earthly kingdom of heaven. Here old club-men, stockbrokers, gamblers, nabobs, soldiers of fortune, merchants, courtesans, matrons, and young girls struggle like a herd at the door of the slaughterhouse, and here and there one slips through into the promised land. It is strange, however, that the two great painters of this paradise, which is not of green pastures, draw but shadowy outlines of this heaven on the other side: it is left for the most part by both of them in Dantesque confusion. Yet to the day of his death Balzac believed in the bliss of it, and Thackeray sorrowfully confessed he knew no better one that was attainable, except, of course, the conventional heaven on the other side of death which nobody troubled to visualize. He is in two minds about the happiness given by wealth, indeed, for he evidently believes that a competency would have made Becky a decent woman, yet he shows that the last agony of Colonel Newcome might have been avoided had he never touched the Bundelcund Banking Company. The man, says

he, who puts his money on worldly prosperity is backing a dark horse. Balzac it was who realized that the bliss is in the scrimmage outside the gates and not in the prize beyond. Yet the Frenchman and the Englishman are agreed in the standpoint from which they regard the structure of the social edifice: neither Balzac nor Thackeray cares a tinker's curse for the Jack who built the house. Even the apparent exception to this, that series of studies of country life which Balzac called "Les Paysans," merely proves the point in a remarkable way. For "Les Paysans" is nothing more than an extraordinary picture of how the landlords of France were robbed by peasant thieves, their woods denuded of timber, their crops sneaked under their bailiffs' eyes, their châteaux not even safe from incendiary fires. There is not a line to show that Balzac realized who it was that planted the forests, tilled the crops, and built the châteaux.

This view of life and labor, which still prevails over more than half the world, it is that is threatening the destruction of this civilization. And in going back to Thackeray and Balzac we are returning, not simply to two writers of romance, but to the two observers who can analyze for us the mentality of the two nations that laid the foundations of the European world as it is to-day. For it was the wealth of England and the ideas of France that built up the structure of capitalism, the ideas and the wealth-producing methods, that is, of the possessing classes in the two most dynamic countries of the first years of the nineteenth century. Balzac's Paris is a world in miniature, a peep show, which proves how the bureaucracy that was the practical outcome of the revolution allied itself to the remnants of the feudal nobility and to the new class flung up by trade and commerce, and how all three classes gambled and played with the wealth produced by the new system. In the same way Thackeray's London is the land of Cockaigne for the soldiers and civil servants come back from India as "nabobs," for the landed gentlemen like the Marquis of Steyne, and, finally, for the mill-owners, like the Newcomes, who grew in power on the toil of hopeless men and starving children. The family of "La Cousine Bette" grows fat on *rentes*, the salaries of office, the sale of confiscated estates; Colonel Newcome gets his £60,000 from the Bundelcund Banking Company, whose sign and token is a silver cocoanut-tree under which is engraved "a plough, a loom, a bale of cotton, a Brahmin, Britannia and Commerce with a cornucopia": most suitable decorations, for East and West were laying their stores at the feet of the masters whether these be French or English. The man, in short, is in possession of the house that Jack built. It matters not at all who carried the hod.

Here, however, the likeness between the two writers is at an end, for Thackeray was English to the core, and Balzac a provincial Frenchman. Temperamentally, too, the man of devouring energy and will was at the opposite pole from the big, easy-going club-man who was so naturally always on the side of the angels, both by personal and national idiosyncrasy.

Nationalism runs like the guiding thread through nineteenth-century politics, but nationalism is, in fact, psychologically nothing more than the canalizing of those vague streams of moral and mental tendency which we call national character. European thought always runs into one mould—the mould of personality. The word "Frenchman" or "Englishman" calls up in the mind a portrait as real sometimes as is the picture suggested by a friend's name. There are actual visualizations behind these national types, as we call them. And even if we reduce the matter to its lowest terms and say that the Frenchman stands for logic, the Englishman for practicality, the German for thoroughness, we still see these qualities expressed respectively as a keen-eyed, eager man; a solid fellow with an air of responsibility; and an intent, bespectacled professor. And these portraits of national types are often the actual ideas which clinch matters at a moment of decision. For to see the Poles as "the most untrustworthy and bellicose race in Europe," or to regard them as passionate artists in the grip of insensitive brutality may truly settle the destiny of a civilization. In the same way the rule of Britain as a World Power depends, in the long run, on whether she writes her own view of her personality on the minds of those she rules, or whether they evolve a view of their own. Perhaps the biggest question of to-day is this: is it the Englishman as he sees himself or the

Englishman as others see him who is going to stand for the word "Englishman" in the eyes of the world?

The Englishman as he sees himself is reflected by Thackeray more powerfully than by any other English writer. And this fact makes his shapeless, rambling books the key both to England's greatness in the past and to her danger in the future. For Thackeray's ideal human being and the standard by which he judges all things is that of the English gentleman. And this is the form, too, in which our national genius sees itself incarnating most freely and gloriously. To the England of the great tradition in which the Victorian Age believed this is our racial type-form. It is the spiritual creation of the leisured, possessing classes, and is only extended, as a hybrid breed, among the workers under the name "nature's gentleman." But a nature's gentleman is a sort of ersatz or substitute for the real thing. At best he has but a twang of gentlemanliness. This true Englishman it is that Thackeray loves and Balzac loathes: the difference between the two men could be well put by saying that, while the Englishman spent his time painting the portraits of gentlemen, half-gentlemen, and no-gentlemen, the Frenchman spent his energy in drawing the man of sense, the man, and, still more, the woman, who knows what the world is made of and, most important of all, what can be made of it. And, by the irony of fact, it is precisely this kind of man, who was the ideal of Balzac the Frenchman, that the world insists on labelling "Englishman." How does this strange contradiction come about?

It lies deep buried, this contradiction, in the double nature of English personality that Thackeray has revealed as clearly as any man. He is, of course, in the direct line of inspiration from Fielding, with the difference that Fielding not only belonged to a franker age, but also enjoyed the advantage of seeing it from the bench at Bow Street instead of from the club armchair. Parson Adams is Fielding's masterpiece in the English gentleman line, and Thackeray follows him worthily with Colonel Newcome, but, although both novelists knew perfectly well that, even in England, cads are commoner than gentlemen, it was Fielding alone who candidly painted the true nature of a cad, and, by a crowning merit, is as explicit in his picture of the cad as he is of the gentleman. Barnes Newcome starts as the Complete Cad, but the real thing seldom beats his wife, in the class to which Barnes belongs, at least, and never ends by giving lectures on Mrs. Hemans and the poetry of the affections. Thackeray's courage failed him, as Fielding's did not when he drew Amelia's husband and the lecherous rascal, Tom Jones. But in William Dobbin, in Colonel Newcome, and Henry Esmond we have, and true to the last stroke, that type of Faithful Fool whom the Englishman loves to venerate in his more solemn moments. Thackeray smiles, lovingly, at the type in Dobbin and Newcome, and Esmond smiles at himself, but the three are, none the less, different aspects of God's Englishman. And as all the men in Thackeray are judged by comparison with Dobbin, Newcome, and Esmond, so are all the women tested by their likeness to Amelia Sedley, Lady Castlewood, or Ethel Newcome, English gentlewomen according to the nicely graded levels of taste which determine social rank.

In this conception of fine personality, in both men and women, there are three leading characteristics; first, and as bed-rock, a mixture of honesty and simplicity that earnestly seeks to judge everything by some other test than the world's scale of values; second, a steadfastness or loyalty that cannot be changed by any shifting wind of circumstance or indeed of reason; and third, the purity that in men refuses to contemplate evil and in women reaches the sublime height of being ignorant of its very existence, sometimes as a fact, but always as an ideal. These are the virtues which, according to Thackeray's view, the Englishman not only puts in his shop-windows when he is "dressing" them for the edification of the world, but by which he does actually desire to steer his course. These are the virtues that sometimes flourish even in "Vanity Fair"—simplicity, loyalty, purity. Apparently, then, "Vanity Fair," instead of being called a parrot-house, should have been painted as a Cave of Harmony. But no one knew better than Thackeray how few in it are the gentlemen, the noble women. Yet they do exist even in that vitiated air, and, what is more important, their very

existence is a mute condemnation of the vileness of the rest. How brightly shines Ethel Newcome's honesty beside the corruption of her hag of a grandmother!

We reach, then, the surprising position that the race which cherishes these ideals of holy purity is also the race that has created the Empire on which the sun never sets, that has shown more genius for the annexation of goods, lands, chattels, and ideals than any people that ever lived. Evidently virtue is good business: obviously, at any rate, much better business than the Balzacian taste for telling the stark truth about everything.

There is in "Esmond" a passage of peculiar power which gives the key to this puzzle. In a digression on the character of Marlborough, Thackeray says of him:—

"He was cold, calm, resolute, like fate. . . . Perhaps he would not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. . . . He used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property. . . . the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three-farthings. . . . taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either."

And then he adds with a final stroke of divination:—

"I think it was more from conviction than policy . . . that the great Duke always spoke of his victories . . . as if he was a special and fatal instrument in the hands of Providence."

(To be continued.)

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

ON TOUR IN 1802.

"An Irish Peer on the Continent (1801-1803)." Being a Narrative of the Tour of Stephen, Second Earl Mount-Cashell, through France, Italy, &c., as related by CATHERINE WILMOT. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Treaty of Amiens, though like many another treaty, before and after, a patched-up affair, and only a prelude to renewed warfare, was at least an agreeable, if far from pious, interlude in a bloody game—a "sitting-out" between the devil's dances, and a filling of the empty pockets of the hotel-keepers and horse proprietors of Paris, Rome, and Naples.

There was an immediate rush to Paris from these islands. Everybody, with money in his purse, and the least tincture of taste, or the historic sense, panting to see in his fat flesh the marvellous little man whose dread name had been so long on the lips of English men and women, and who was now First Consul of a great Republic. Curiosity (as it always does) prevailed over animosity, and to be introduced to, and shake hands with "Boney" was to live in history, whilst to visit the Louvre and inspect the walls covered with the artistic loot of Europe—Italy, Germany, Flanders, and Holland—was in itself a liberal education to our rude islanders.

Nobody enjoyed this trip to Paris more than that accomplished scholar, if not great patriot, Charles James Fox, who on the 29th of June, 1802, set out in a travelling-coach from St. Anne's Hill in company with Mrs. Fox, Lord St. John, and that ill-fated Private Secretary, doomed to die, years after Fox, in his native Ireland, of downright starvation, John Bernard Trotter, in whose "Memoirs of the Latter Years of the Right Honorable Charles James Fox" (third edition 1811) may be read a delightful record of this visit to Paris.

Another enchanted and still enchanting visitor to France at this time (and who encountered Fox perambulating the Louvre, by no means in silence) was the gorgeous essayist and enthusiastic Bonapartist, William Hazlitt—up and down whose miscellaneous writings may be discovered enraptured descriptions of the Paris of 1802, only to be followed by dolorous accounts of a subsequent visit after the hateful Restoration of the Bourbons.

And now, suddenly and delightfully, and without a word of warning, we have thrust upon our notice this lively account from the pen of a lively lady of a Continental tour during this same period.

As it is quite impossible to do justice to this book in the course of a short review, it may be worth while, after first recommending it most cordially, to call attention to the

interesting history of the fair scribe who came of a remarkable family.

So lately as 1873 there lived at Taney House, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, a lady approaching her hundredth year, Mrs. Brooke—formerly Mrs. Bradford, and born Martha Wilmot, the sister of the Catherine Wilmot who inscribed the pages now under notice.

Martha Wilmot is still remembered by the careful student of foreign memoirs as the editor and translator of the curious autobiography of the Princess Daschkaw, Lady of Honor to Catherine the Second, Empress of all the Russias, published in two volumes in 1840 by Henry Colburn, when they made what in 1840 was considered a great stir.

To this dubious Princess, who played a large part in a Russian Revolution of the Palace variety, now dimmed in men's memories by more astounding and important events, Martha Wilmot was as devoted as was the Princess herself to her Imperial Mistress. The devotion of the Princess Daschkaw to Catherine and of Martha Wilmot to the Princess are both hard to explain, but their sincerity cannot be doubted. Martha, who lived for five years in Russia with the Princess, had the means of knowledge, but I do not think to-day's reader of the Princess Daschkaw's Memoirs will find them as convincing as they are interesting. Irish girls in those days had good luck, for, at all events, they got out of Ireland.

Having referred to Martha Wilmot, we must return to her sister Catherine, who died in Paris in 1824. Miss Catherine Wilmot's account of this tour is brimful of life and character. To pull out its plums would be unjust. It is a veritable "Vanity Fair." Well-known historical characters, mostly of grimy morals, jostle you at every turn. But Miss Wilmot is more than an idle observer. She held a shrewd and biting pen. She had a philosophy of life, and gets an occasional glimpse into the infinite.

To give you an idea of her style and cast of thought take the following:—

"So now to talk to you of the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in France. Easter Sunday, 18th of April, 1802, all the world assembled at l'Eglise de Notre Dame to witness the resurrection of the public faith which had slept with its holy fathers during the long period of the French Revolution. The aisles were all hung throughout with Gobelin's tapestry, and in the most conspicuous parts were erected two canopies of crimson and gold, towering with plumes of white feathers. After the priests had burnt incense before him on his entrance, Bonaparte appeared under one of these canopies with the two Consuls attending, and guarded by a host of Generals, and Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's Legate, occupied the other, encircled by Bishops and Archbishops, Priests and Deacons, in all the holy gradations of Apostolic precedence. The Te Deum was the grandest thing I ever heard, and the musical performers scattered throughout the church, so that the choruses filled the entire place, and seemed but one voice. All the Bishops were installed and solemnly sworn at the foot of Bonaparte, and the devotional reverence they paid to him was almost on a par with their eucharistical worship. These godly fopperies continued during seven hours, and the three Consuls returned in procession under a sort of Chinese canopy supported by obsequious priests. Cardinal Caprara in his gold mitre and papal robes administered to himself the Sacrament, and then solemnly dismissed us with a musical benediction. Madame Bonaparte and all her Court added much to the gaudiness of the scene, as she was a blaze of diamonds, and all the ladies throughout caparisoned with corresponding splendor. The Foreign Ministers, the strangers of rank, the men in office, &c., sat confessed on crimson benches, dressed in their golden embroidery, and the Bishops paraded in white satin shoes, tinselled with silver, white gloves, and sparkling rings, glittering on fingers outside the gauntlets, so that they gave me the notion of fell enchanters, who through the witchery of their spells and necromancy caused a resurrection of the departed spirit of the Roman Catholic Religion as a new species of pastime to Bonaparte the King, and made the Phantom flit before his eyes in all the changes of the gaudiest pageantry."

Is not this a good description of blasphemy *in excelsis*?

Another equally fine paragraph, too long to be here quoted, describes a visit to the cemetery in Rome of the Capuchin Convent.

It is interesting to note that this Irish girl when she met Mr. Fox at Miss Williams's did not fall a victim to his charm. He was rather *lourd* and "maladroit in his address and embarrassed in his manners," nor was she at all overawed by being introduced to Kosciusko; and as for the

King and Queen of Naples, she pronounces the former to be an "overgrown ass" with a face "surpassing any abridgement of imbecility I ever saw," whilst the latter reminded her of a sturdy poultry wife trotting about, crying: "Tooky, tooky, tooky," after her fowls. Altogether a delightful book to read for fun and to ponder over afterwards.

A. B.

AN ENGLISH WIFE IN BERLIN.

"An English Wife in Berlin." By EVELYN, PRINCESS BLÜCHER. (Constable. 18s. net.)

TRUTH and justice are the earliest and most enduring of a War Government's economies. Princess Blücher, like every other inhabitant of Berlin, had to go short of nearly all the necessities of life; she could not buy a pair of stockings without an official voucher, and learned to dine thankfully off kangaroo. But the deprivations from which she suffered most were moral. Early in August, 1914, she writes: "Exactly what was the real cause of the war no one seems to understand. It is said in England that Germany provoked the war, but here they emphatically deny it. One thing grows clearer to me every day; neither people here nor there desired the war, but here they are carried off their legs at seeing so many enemies on every side." All the world, as well as Lord Northcliffe, knows how such patriotism must be kept going. The Princess was told of regiments of convicts, known by the "blue convict brand" on their arms, who formed the mainstay of the British Army, of the sappers' knives made with a special twist to scoop out the eyes of wounded Germans, of the terrible atrocities committed by Belgian women and children. She learned to keep her opinions to herself. The Princess, however, was not the only sensible person in Germany. Most of her friends belonged to that upright and acute minority whose views are unrepresented in the Press. Amongst these there were headshakes rather than rejoicings over the Russian peace, and nothing but shame for the sinking of the "Lusitania." But it is blots like these, as a young officer said sadly to the Princess, that will be remembered, when all the brave deeds, sufferings, and heroisms of the German nation will be forgotten. History will remember the "Lusitania" and forget Captain Müller of the "Emden"; it will remember the horrors of the camp at Wittenberg, but leave unrecorded those numerous acts of kindness to English prisoners which the Princess notes and herself helped to further; and it will paint with colors far more black that portrait of the Kaiser which the diarist whitens with the milk of her human kindness. Ever since the Court Ball in Berlin, where, six years after her marriage, the Kaiser summoned her with a request to launch his new cruiser "Blücher," saying smilingly, "I expect you will get into trouble with your English relations if you launch my battleships, now won't you?" the Princess remained his faithful subject and friend. "He is so terribly misunderstood and misjudged!" she wrote in 1915; and wished that England could know how he had forbidden the air-raids over London and opposed Von Tirpitz's submarine warfare, and that he had bitterly regretted, and tried to stop, the execution of Edith Cavell. On his own confession, made to a friend who visited the deposed Emperor at Amerongen, he had been too weak to withstand the military party.

"He complained most bitterly that he was deceived and lied to from the outset of his reign, and especially throughout the war . . . that he was treated as a nonentity by the General Staff; that they made a point of contradicting every order or command that he gave; that he was turned out of the room whenever the telephone rang at Headquarters, so as not to hear the commands and real facts . . . He was hustled backwards and forwards from the Eastern to the Western Headquarters, so as to keep him 'out of the way,' when the Generals were especially occupied."

At the end, when, execrated and despised, he is deserted by all his flatterers, the Princess can only think of him with affection. Surely, she writes, he is one of the most pathetic figures in history. And although she is forced to condemn the monarch, she has nothing but pity for the man.

Will history extend a like compassion to that other figure of tragedy whom the diary reveals in a moment of despair and terror? In December, 1914, the Blüchers were surprised

to hear that Sir Roger Casement was in Berlin. As an old friend of both, his violently anti-English attitude did not surprise them, but in Berlin he was not popular, and was commonly thought to be an English spy masquerading as a rebel. On April 6th, 1916, the Princess saw him for the last time.

"The poor man came into the room like one demented, talking in a husky whisper, rushing round examining all the doors, and then said: 'I have something to say to you, are you sure that no one is listening?'

"For one moment I was frightened. I felt I was in the presence of a madman, and worked my way round to the telephone, so as to be able to call for help. Then he began: 'You were right a year ago when you told me I had put my head in noose when coming here. I did not tell you when you kept on urging me to get out of the country what a terrific mistake I had made. And also I did not want to tell you that in reality I was a prisoner here. I could not get away. They will not let me out of the country. The German Foreign Office have had me shadowed, believing I was a spy in the pay of England, and England has had men spying on me all the time as well. Now the German Admiralty has asked me to go on an errand which all my being revolts against, and I am going mad at the thought of it, for it will make me appear a traitor to the Irish cause.'

"At these words he sat down and sobbed like a child. I saw the man was beside himself with terror and grief. . . I saw the man was beside himself with terror and grief. . . All he would say was 'They are holding a pistol to my head here if I refuse, and they have a hangman's rope ready for me in England.' . . . As he went out of the door, he said: 'Tell them I was loyal to Ireland, though it will not appear so.'

It was for other and more successful rebels to apply the hangman's rope to this impotent leader of a lost cause. The Princess, to her eternal honor, writes: "When I saw this man penniless and starving, friendless and hunted, should I have been a woman if I had not given him a meal at times, or on the last day could I have done less than promise to use what influence I had to ask for mercy for him?"

The records of the winter of 1918-19 are among the most interesting pages of the book. On the morning of November 9th, 1918, the writer heard the news of the Kaiser's abdication. Tears came to her eyes; but this was no moment for mourning; for outside her window ran the first torrent of the revolution.

"There could hardly have been a greater air of rejoicing had Germany gained a great victory. People came hurrying by, thousands of them densely packed together but walking for the most part quietly—men, women, soldiers, sailors, and a never-ending fringe of children playing on the edge of this dangerous maelstrom. . . I noticed the pale gold of young girls' uncovered heads . . . and in between the dense masses of the marching throng, great military motor lorries, packed with soldiers and sailors waving red flags and cheering and shouting vehemently."

In the streets, it seemed, walking quietly, but ready at any moment to spring, was a wild animal suddenly let loose: it was a sight magnificent, touching, and terrible. Terrible because of the fiercer elements already trying to stir the crowd to violence, touching because on the face of a people at last set free were joy and hope for a better future. The aristocrat peeping behind the iron shutters of the Blücher Palace looked at the young men of the new order with the hanging, bent shoulders of those who, all too young, have had to bear a burden too heavy for them, who stood about quietly enough, with youthful, serious eyes, as if gazing into a future that was to be better and kinder. "For one moment, in those early days of the Revolution, it seemed as if hope had dawned, and that from the misery and desolation of the last four and a half years another and better nation might arise. England had then the heart of Germany in her hand; she could have kept it for ever. But the greatest opportunity in history was lost. The hungry Revolutionaries looked up and were not fed; faith in the word of a mighty nation was irretrievably shattered, whilst the statesmen at Versailles and the coupon candidates of Mr. Lloyd George's election proceeded to mix with Laian rage the joy that dawns 'pon the free. Germany had lost the war, her conquerors the peace. "I have listened to the voice of every class here," writes Princess Blücher,

"and I fear that England has missed the right moment for restoring touch with the German people, and laying the foundation for a lasting peace in Europe. After the Revolution, in the great wave of the reaction against the war, the Entente could have done anything with the German people had they made the slightest overture toward

a reconciliation. People here were ready to make reparation for the wrong done by their leaders. But now they say that Wilson has broken his word, and an undying hatred will be smouldering in the heart of every German. Over and over again I hear the same refrain, 'We shall hate our conquerors with a hatred that will only cease when the day of revenge comes again.'"

It was for this, it seems, that the youth of the world has perished.

THE WANDERING JEW.

"**The Jews of Asia.**" By SIDNEY MENDELSSOHN. (Kegan Paul.)

"**The Jews of Africa.**" By SIDNEY MENDELSSOHN. (Kegan Paul.)

The writer of the memoir of Mr. Mendelssohn, prefixed to each of these volumes, shows signs of a little uneasiness. "The learned critic," he says, "may find many opportunities in the following pages for airing his superior knowledge." "The present work," he also tells us, "is neither learned nor scholarly. It contains little that is original." There follows, of course, a "But . . ." We agree with the "But . . ." or at any rate some part of it, and we do not propose to air any superior knowledge that unfortunately we may possess. But—and alas for writers, readers, and critics that there should be so many "buts" in this imperfect world—it requires a rather peculiar literary and historical palate to appreciate these two volumes. Mr. Mendelssohn, the son of a Bristol Rabbi, spent all but the last twelve years of his life as a diamond merchant in South Africa. He had undoubtedly the mind and the inclinations of a scholar, but the circumstances of his life made it impossible for him to satisfy his passion for historical research except in the last twelve years before his death. Unfortunately, the modern Clio is the most exacting of all the Muses. There is no real reason why the busiest of business men should not at intervals and out of office hours produce a perfect sonnet or a lyrical masterpiece. Learned history cannot, however, be produced as a by-product of diamond selling, for, largely owing to the Germans, history has become almost more than what is called "a whole-time job." Hence Mr. Mendelssohn's books fall between the two stools of the learned and the popular, of science and fiction. They are the work of an enthusiastic amateur who has read every book about the Jews of Africa and Asia which he could lay hands on, and who has carefully and conscientiously pieced together a narrative out of a tangle of fiction and fact. His method is that of the honest annalist. He takes the different countries of Asia and Africa chapter by chapter and tries to trace the history of their Jewish inhabitants. This task of tracking the wandering Jew is fascinating, but the difficulties are enormous. Take the case of Abyssinia, or of the Jewish King of the Yemen, Dhu Nuwas, or of the Black Jews of Cochin, or of the Beni Israel of Malabar. In each of these cases we have a historical problem of the greatest interest but also of the greatest difficulty, for the ascertained facts are scanty and the historian has to chase them over the treacherous ground of legend and tradition. It cannot be said that Mr. Mendelssohn has settled the questions of the Jewish Kings of Abyssinia, the relation of Phineas of Abyssinia to Dhu Nuwas of the Yemen, the origin of the Cochin Jews or of the Beni Israel: his great merit is, however, that he is a most honest and conscientious annalist, and he never states a tradition as a fact or omits to prefix a "possibly" to a hypothesis. The consequence is that his two volumes give a very good bird's-eye view of some of the ground which a serious historian of the Jews of Asia and Africa would have to cover. The ordinary reader, who does not mind a rather bald narrative, may also find much to interest and surprise him in these pages. The ubiquitousness of the Jew and his extraordinary powers of resistance and recuperation, which seem to defy not only the persistent efforts of their fellow-men to exterminate them, but also geography and climate, are really astonishing. "A race," remarked a seventeenth-century traveller, "so averse, both in nature and institution, as glorying to single itself out of the rest of mankind, remains obstinate, contemptible, and infamous." This opinion of Henry Blount, who studied the Jews of the Levant, is repeated through many centuries by observers of the race

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BUSINESS FICTION.

"*The Vanity Girl.*" By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Cassell. 8s. 6d. net.)

It is said in Fleet Street that there is no such thing as a bad advertisement and that nothing damns a book so effectively as six lines of rapturous appreciation at the foot of a column. The reason, indeed, why there are not more broken hearts in the book world is probably because the six-line endowment—like cutting off some unworthy with a shilling—is lavished upon a volume which has been paid for by the author. The criterion of literary virtue is space, and with space black is white and white is black, and ever the twain shall meet. There is, of course, a special type of literary humbug which declares that a good book ought not to sell, and if a good book does sell, then its exterior semblance doth belie its inward rottenness and the critics have been taken in once more. All books, good and bad, are written to sell, just as they are written to be published, and if an author (as many authors do) preens himself upon the quality of his book in ratio to the meagreness of its sales, he could quite easily achieve the apotheosis of literary merit and allow his opus to remain in manuscript. One imagines that Shelley would not have been displeased if he had sold a million copies of "*Prometheus*" or had serious doubts as to his justification in literary conscience of having written it. But there is a very considerable difference between writing a book to sell and writing a book to be sold. It is not only the book, no, nor the public, that is sold.

Mr. Mackenzie's new novel, "*The Vanity Girl*," is responsible for these reflections. It is, to our mind, a thoroughly bad book written by a clever author who knows what he is about, and so is interesting rather to the student of psychology than of art. Therefore, it should receive a six-line epitaph at the end of a column? There's the rub, for if we were to treat books thus justly by lineage instead of unjustly by reason and judgment, where would the critics be and where the reviewing columns of our journals? By presenting Mr. Mackenzie with a column of print, we are no doubt adding to the sale of his book, which is the very reverse of what we want to do or of what Mr. Mackenzie deserves. But we have to remember that in this same age our values are as likely to be distorted as our space; that it does not, in fact, very much matter what Mr. Mackenzie's sales are or whether our words increase or diminish them. The sales of an ephemeral book are not of the slightest consequence to anybody or anything, except the bank-balances of publisher and author; what is of consequence and our duty to point out is that a book has been written to be sold. That certainly is our impression of "*The Vanity Girl*," though we may be doing Mr. Mackenzie an injustice—an injustice to his purpose, though the precise opposite to his intelligence.

"*The Vanity Girl*," in fact, is hall-marked with the fiction-factory brand. We have Norah Caffyn, the daughter of a middle-class running to seed, who has enough beauty, egotism, vanity, and business instinct to pluck herself up into better fortunes. So she becomes the inevitable chorus girl in musical comedy, and in such circumstances fulfils all the thirsty ambition of the reading public outside the book for her by meeting and finally marrying the Earl of Clarehaven. Norah Caffyn, or rather Dorothy Lonsdale, is much cleverer than her colleagues in musical comedy at hooking the *jeunesse dorée*; she thinks of the excellent dodge of ultra-respectability, and having no other thought or object in life except to be a successful person, she puts her price up high enough to get Clare Court in Devonshire and a real title rather than a flat and a more

ambiguous one as the terms of her surrender. Nor is Dorothy one to cherish old associations, and "the spellbound hush of landed property" is not so enervating as to lull her resolve of a strategical separation from all her family and friends. Dorothy plays the Countess to perfection, riding to hounds, distributing prizes at the Flower Show, and so on, but she is unable to prevent her lord and slave from gambling on the baize and on the turf, with the result that the shifty, Jewish financier Hausberg buys up the title-deeds of Clare Court which she is only able to redeem by the pledge of her own person to him. Then the war, the death of Clarehaven in action, and the restoration of Clare Court to Dorothy's coming child by yet another bargain (there never was such a book for bargains—it is like a catalogue of items)—her marriage with Houston, né Hausberg, now the owner of Clare Court.

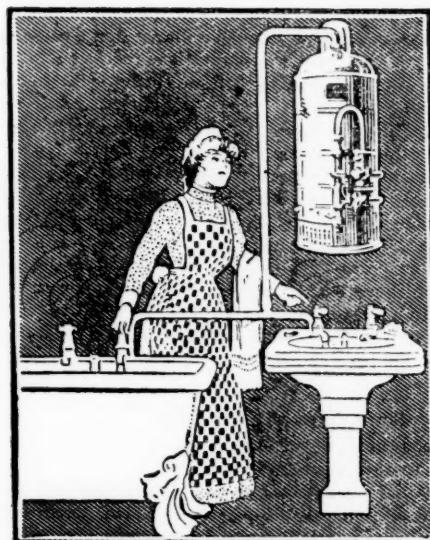
Mr. Mackenzie makes heroic efforts to sentimentalize Dorothy in the latter part of the book, failing, not because he is in any way unwilling to give concessions to popular ideas about countesses, but because the hard, metallic, cynical tone of the book is too much even for rosewater. It is curious to watch Mr. Mackenzie's intelligence working away at his Brummagem goods. The smart, jaunty, epigrammatic tone of the style is an attempt to oil and polish the machinery of a story of whose quality he is just as well aware as we are, and he is constantly exploding into the purple patch and far-sought simile. "The whole sky was plumed with multitudinous small clouds rosy as the ruffled throats of linnets in spring"—one can hear the soft music well enough without reminding Mr. Mackenzie that the throats of linnets are not rosy, neither in spring nor at any other time. "The town residence of Lord Clarehaven was as desirable as those desirable young men of Assyria upon whom in their blue clothes Aholah doted not less promiscuously than house-agents have doted upon a good biblical word"—these flowers in the window-boxes of Mr. Mackenzie's factory smell too much of their paint for us to mistake them even for urban flora. But a more curious result of this intrigue of ability with a story and characters which demand none is the irredeemable confusion into which the book falls. The book is neither popular nor "intellectual," neither satirical nor all-receptive; it is at once contemptuous and yielding, and seems to despise a literary conscience as much as the results of the lack of it. There is no character in it who is not either silly or disagreeable, but there seems no particular reason why they should or should not be. There seems no particular reason for anything in the book, and the only definite impression which emerges is that Mr. Mackenzie has mortgaged his talents so deeply in writing down to his public that we doubt whether he will ever again be able to write up to himself.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"*The Psychology of Persuasion.*" By WILLIAM MACPHERSON (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. MACPHERSON examines the instinctive and impulsive side of the nature of man, who is proud of himself as a reasoning animal. He insists that the fundamental source of our actions is some instinct or emotion which we seek to satisfy. Impulse is the source of the best things in life, of art and of science. It is, as Mr. Macpherson puts it, "one of the non-rational elements in our nature, but this does not imply that it is necessarily irrational, or that it works against reason." The intellectual, emotional, and imaginative factors of persuasion work not separately but together; they interpose and react upon one another. The emotional factor is superior in strength and effect to the intellectual, while the constructive powers of imagination influence and guide to a large extent the course of our persuasions. By interplay and fusion of the three factors true persuasion is constituted. Mr. Macpherson's study explains the three elements with a lucidity not usual in books of this kind, and he enlivens the study with an examination of the art of camouflage, and expositions of the working of group pressure, the sense of power, methods of conversation, gesture and action, music, painting, the cinema, literature, and the appeals of the salesman and advertiser. It is a serious contribution to psychology, and its study is made easy by the clarity and humor of the author's writing.

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FURTHER LARGE INCREASE IN SALES.

PRESIDING on the 11th instant at the nineteenth annual ordinary general meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons Ltd., Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt., after referring with great regret to the loss sustained by the company by the death of Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., who had been a director of the company from its inception, said that he was in the pleasant position of being able to repeat the statement he made at their last annual meeting in regard to the year under review, the actual sales again showing a considerable increase over those of last year, and the profits, while they did not work out in the same ratio, owing partly to increased expenditure, also exhibited satisfactory increases.

With one exception, the increases over last year were spread fairly over all departments of the business, and equally proportionately over the home and export trade. The only exception referred to the picture postcard department. Signs were not wanting, however, that the public was gradually accustoming itself to the advance in the price of the regular picture postcard from 1d. to 1½d.—a change which had had to be made on account of the heavy increase in the cost of production, and it was not unlikely that the turnover in these popular missives—particularly their art quality postcards—would again become normal provided that the threatened increase in the postage on picture postcards from 1d. to 1½d. would not materialise. This advance was bound to lessen the demand for picture postcards, and would thus assuredly have the opposite effect intended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who would have to reckon with a decreased revenue from that quarter amounting to not less than half a million sterling instead of the expected million increase. With regard to the coming year, the outlook was most promising, the sales being considerably in advance of those of the same period last year.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the dividend recommended was declared.

LONDON, JOINT CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

CHAIRMAN:

The Right Hon. R. MCKENNA

JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS:

S. B. MURRAY, Esq., F. HYDE, Esq., E. W. WOOLLEY, Esq.

Subscribed Capital	£38,096,363
Paid-up Capital	10,840,112
Reserve Fund	10,840,112
Deposits (June 30th, 1920)	367,667,322

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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE trend of affairs shown by this week's statement of the National Accounts is decidedly unfavorable, and their publication, when taken in conjunction with recent Bank Returns, suddenly brought very close the threat of a further rise in Bank Rate, thereby discomfiting those who have been hoping for the past month or two that deflation difficulties would be surmounted and that a Bank Rate decline might be forthcoming in the autumn. As usual, the unwieldy size of the floating debt is at the bottom of all the trouble. A week ago maturities of Treasury Bills exceeded sales by over £10 millions, while in this week's return this excess is no less than £11½ millions—making nearly £20 millions in a fortnight, so the Treasury has been forced to raise the wind in the form of Ways and Means Advances—the increase in borrowings in this form from the Bank of England amounts to about £23 millions in the fortnight. The fear of a rise in Bank Rate may have operated to cause holders of Treasury Bills not to renew; logically, it should have caused them to renew as the best means of avoiding dearer money. The great banks are the largest holders of these bills, and it may be that the importunate demands of industry are partly responsible for the large proportion that have been allowed to mature.

In the absence of a ruthless cut in public expenditure, which is so urgently desirable, but which seems as far off as ever, the Treasury has only two courses open: either to make the rates on Treasury Bills still more attractive, and so force a rise in Bank Rate, or to devise some funding scheme by which the unmanageable proportions of the floating debt may be reduced. In a Parliamentary answer, which I quoted last week, the Chancellor of the Exchequer disavows any present idea of funding plans. But surely the ingenuity of the Treasury has not been exhausted by the Treasury Bond flotation, which has proved itself such a fiasco. Immediate monetary fears were relieved this morning by the absence of any announcement of an increase in Treasury Bill rates, for it had been feared that the Treasury might once again force the hands of the Banks by this procedure. It is believed that holders of Treasury Bills have been renewing more freely this week than last; but the possibility that Bank Rate may yet be forced up to 8 per cent., owing to the floating debt trouble, is not yet disposed of.

The July trade returns are surprisingly satisfactory, showing a large export expansion and an excellent reduction in the import excess.

MARKET NOTES.

All the adverse influences considered, stock markets have on the whole withstood the strain fairly well. The Polish situation, money fears, and the holiday season provided a series of obstacles, and no increase in business was noticeable, but prices on the whole have been fairly firm. War Loan has been in occasional demand, but shipping and rubber descriptions were weak, and insurance shares were sold. The oil share market, on the other hand, wore a brighter appearance on the cessation of Paris selling, and Mexican Eagles met with good support. Dollar exchange, in spite of periods of fresh weakness, hovers around the quotation of a week ago, and, at any rate, the collapse appears to have been stayed, whether temporarily or not remains to be seen. The Stock Exchange Committee has sanctioned some alterations (upwards, of course) in stockbrokers' commission charges. They are, on the whole, not very formidable to the investor, and are justified by the well-known rise in all the expenses incurred in a broker's office. With business at its present low ebb, brokers will not suck much advantage out of the increased charges.

NEW ISSUES.

Although nothing much in the way of a revival of the prospectus campaign is to be expected during the holiday season, five or six new issues have appeared this week, none of them of outstanding importance, and three of them con-

cerned with entertainments of various sorts. How great was the rush of borrowers to catch the investor before he went off for his holidays is shown by figures given in a London Joint City & Midland Bank circular. New issues in July, according to this bank's computation, reached £43 millions odd in July, exclusive of British Government borrowings, against £27½ millions in June. March has so far been the record month of this year, when the total was £69 millions. According to this Bank circular, new issues for the first seven months of the present year total £284½ millions, or considerably more than the total for the whole year 1913, although, of course, the change in money values must be remembered. Of the seven months' total £253½ millions were for home purposes, £22½ millions for British Possessions, and only £8 millions odd for foreign countries. Lever Brothers have been busy raising new capital in Holland, and have floated with complete success an issue of 20,000,000 florins in twenty-year 7 per cent. bonds in Amsterdam.

SOME EIGHT PER CENT. PREFERENCES.

A good deal of attention is rightly being paid by investors to the opportunities offered by industrial preference shares. I set out below a selection of preference shares yielding at present prices 8 per cent. or over. Naturally, the security differs in various cases in accordance with the nature of the companies' occupations as well as their financial position. Here is the list:—

Name of Company.	Rate of Interest.	No. of Shares.	Amount of Stock.	Price Aug. 11, 1920.	Price s. d.
Charing Cross Electric Cum. Pref.	4½	80,000	5	2½	8 3 6
Metropolitan Electric Cum. Pref.	4½	76,121	5	2 13-16	8 0 0
Beyer Peacock Cum. Pref.	5½	300,000	1	11-16	8 0 0
Scott (Walter) Cum. Pref.	6	300,000	1	1 ½	8 0 0
United Steel Co. Cum. Pref.	6	1,317,072	1	1 ½	8 0 0
Consolidated Trust Cum. 2nd Pref.	5½	£245,000	Stock 67	8 4 6	
South African Gold Trust Cum. Pref.	6	500,000	1	23-32	8 7 0
African and Eastern Trade Corporation Cum. B Pref.	6	1,750,350	1	23-32	8 7 0
Alldays & Onions A Cum. Pref.	6	50,000	1	11-16	8 14 6
Austin Motor Cum. Pref.	7	250,000	1	2½	9 3 0
Do. do. Cum. B Pref.	6	1,000,000	1	1 ½	9 12 0
Charles Baker Cum. Pref.	8	14,000	5	5	8 0 0
Barry, Ostler & Shepherd Cum. Pref.	6	35,000	10	7	8 11 0
Debenhams Cum. Pref.	7½	888,000	1	29-32	8 5 6
Gossage (Wm.) Cum. Pref.	6½	750,000	1	13-16	8 0 0
Holborn & Frascati Cum. Pref.	5	15,000	10	5½	8 14 0
Napier (D) Cum. Pref.	7½	300,000	1	11-16	9 4 6
Nicholsons Cum. Pref.	5	70,000	1	1 ½	8 0 0
Schweppes Cum. Pref.	5	300,000	1	1 ½	8 0 0
Strand Hotel Cum. Pref.	8	200,000	1	1	8 0 0
Tuck (Raphael) Cum. Pref.	5½	50,000	5	3½	8 16 0
United Alkali Cum. Pref.	7	282,524	10	8½	8 4 9
United Premier Oil and Cake Mills Cum. Pref.	7	491,484	1	1 ½	8 0 0
Van Den Berghs Cum. C Pref.	7	1,000,000	1	1 ½	8 0 0

On every share in the above table the dividend is cumulative. Those who are instinctively attracted by the highest yields should remember that there is something, at any rate, in the old motto "the higher the yield, the greater the risk." But the list contains a number of shares worthy of the investor's attention.

INVESTMENT GUIDES.

The British, Foreign & Colonial Corporation have just published for 1920 their annual volume, entitled "The 100 Best Investments," which, besides giving useful data on national finance, income-tax, &c., sets out the details concerning a number of sound and attractive investments. While I would not agree that this hundred necessarily includes all the best—the publishers themselves make no such claim—the volume (which costs 2s.) may be studied with profit. It would be an excellent exercise for careful investors to choose some favorites from this volume and then watch the course taken by the prices of the investments they select. This may be conveniently followed in such a publication as the "Investor's Monthly Manual," which is issued at the beginning of every month.

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